

THE MOST REMARKABLE GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD?"

See Page 24

# SilverScreen

JANUARY

10¢  
CANADA  
5 CENTS



J O N  
R O L S T O N  
C L A R K



ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS  
Lewis Carroll's

# Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice"...and

RICHARD ARLEN • ROSCO ATE  
GARY COOPER • LEON ERROL  
LOUISE FAZENDA • W. C. FIELDS  
SKEETS GALLAGHER • RAYMOND  
HATTON • EDWARD EVERETT  
HORTON • ROSCOE KARNS • MAE  
MARSH • POLLY MORAN • JACK  
OAKIE • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAY  
ROBSON • CHARLIE RUGGLES • ALISON

SKIPWORTH  
NED SPARKS  
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod



ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).



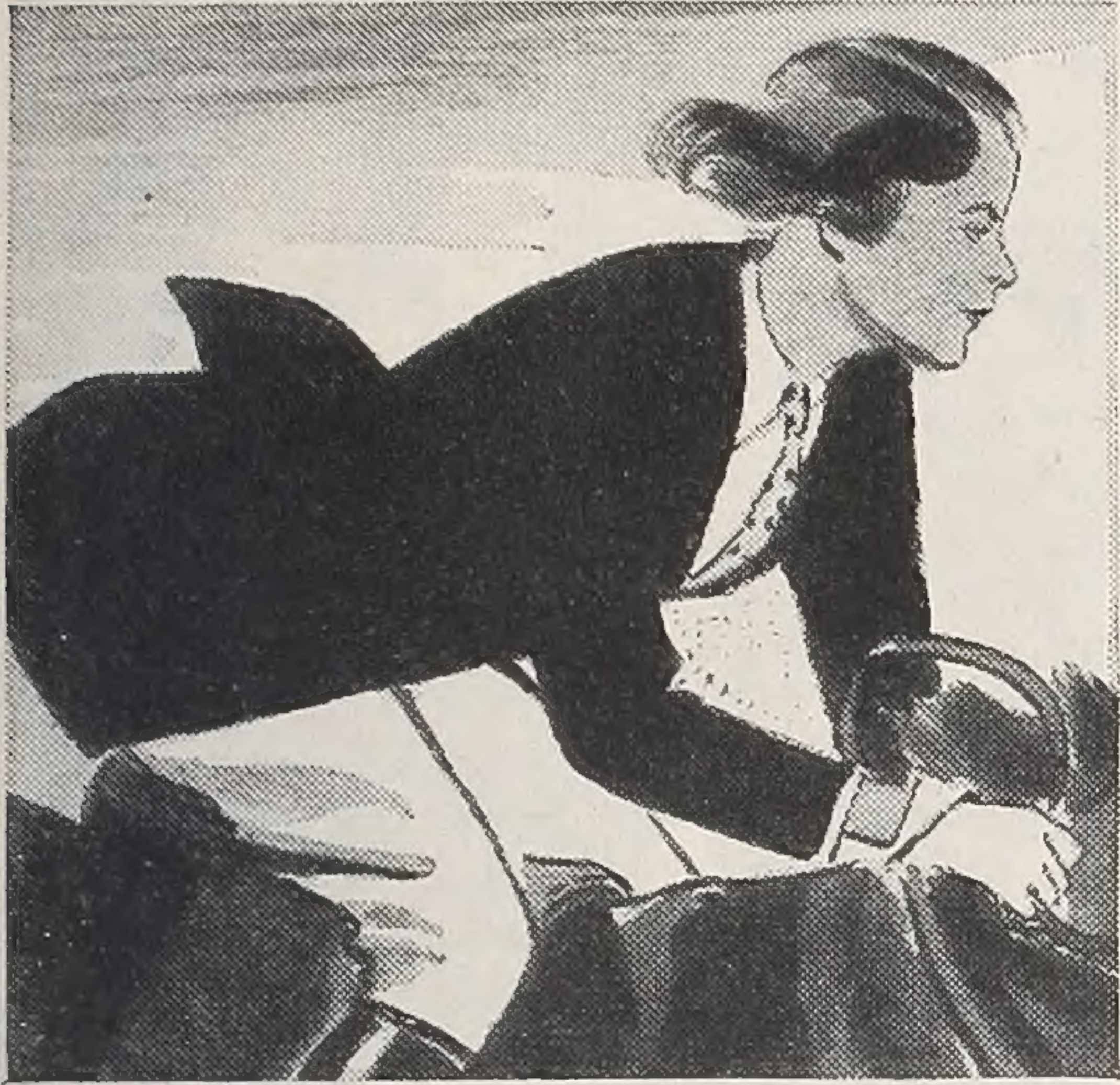
Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... It's the Best Show in Town



# Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



*Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!*



*Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!*



*Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!*



*If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!*



*Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage...*



*It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!*

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"—and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and your smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become

## Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning

the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to

pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9.00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**I P A N A**  
TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN for JANUARY 1934



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-14  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



WE DO OUR PART



# The Opening Chorus

## The Last Round-Up of Picture Rumors.



Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford have completed "Dancing Lady" and are planning a trip to New York. Whether they have other plans, or not, Cupid alone knows.

JOAN Crawford has found a new way to pass the time while waiting on the set between scenes. She makes up little "ditties" to the tune of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf."

A DIVORCEE who has recently returned from Reno says that the smartest night club there is featuring a Mae West cocktail. Mae was very interested when she heard about it and promptly wanted to know the ingredients. "Dynamite" was the answer.

THE day before she went on location in the Hemet mountains, Katharine Hepburn, who has become Hollywood's "most informal girl," gave a tea party on the curbing near her dressing room on the R-K-O lot. John Barrymore, in a cutaway coat and striped trousers (all ready to do



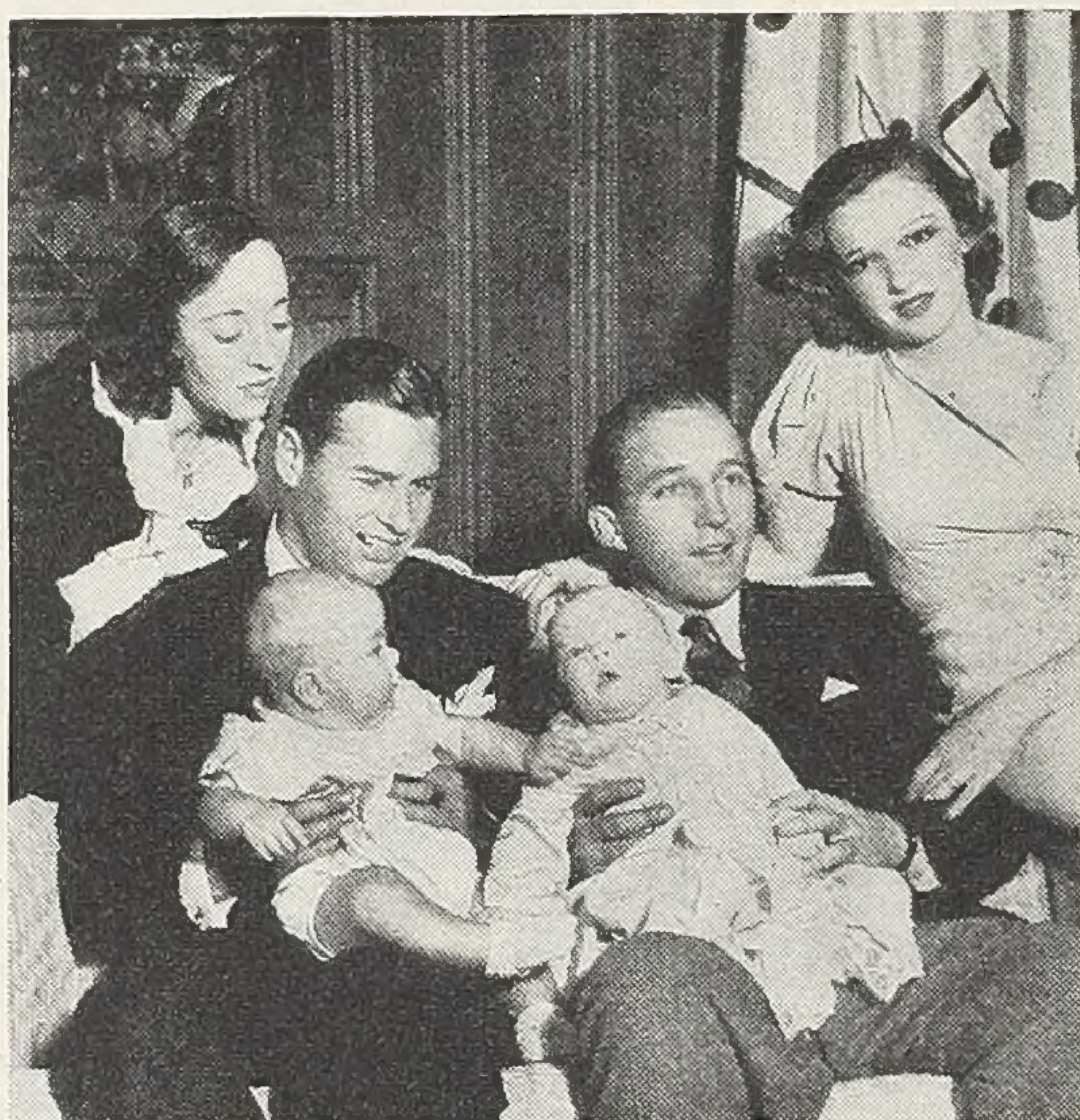
Now that "Bombshell" has dynamited Jean Harlow's popularity still higher, Jean is in a very smiling mood. She has fully recovered from her appendix operation.

a scene in "Long Lost Father"), was her only "dressed-up" guest. *La Hepburn*, naturally, wore overalls.

DOLORES Del Rio claims she has a record for something or other. In eight hours she posed for eighty-seven lingering kiss scenes with Gene Raymond, while the still cameras clicked. Well, we can't feel exactly sorry for Dolores.

WHILE you can't prove it by us, but they do say that Harpo Marx called up the Hollywood Women's Exchange and inquired what they would give him for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite.

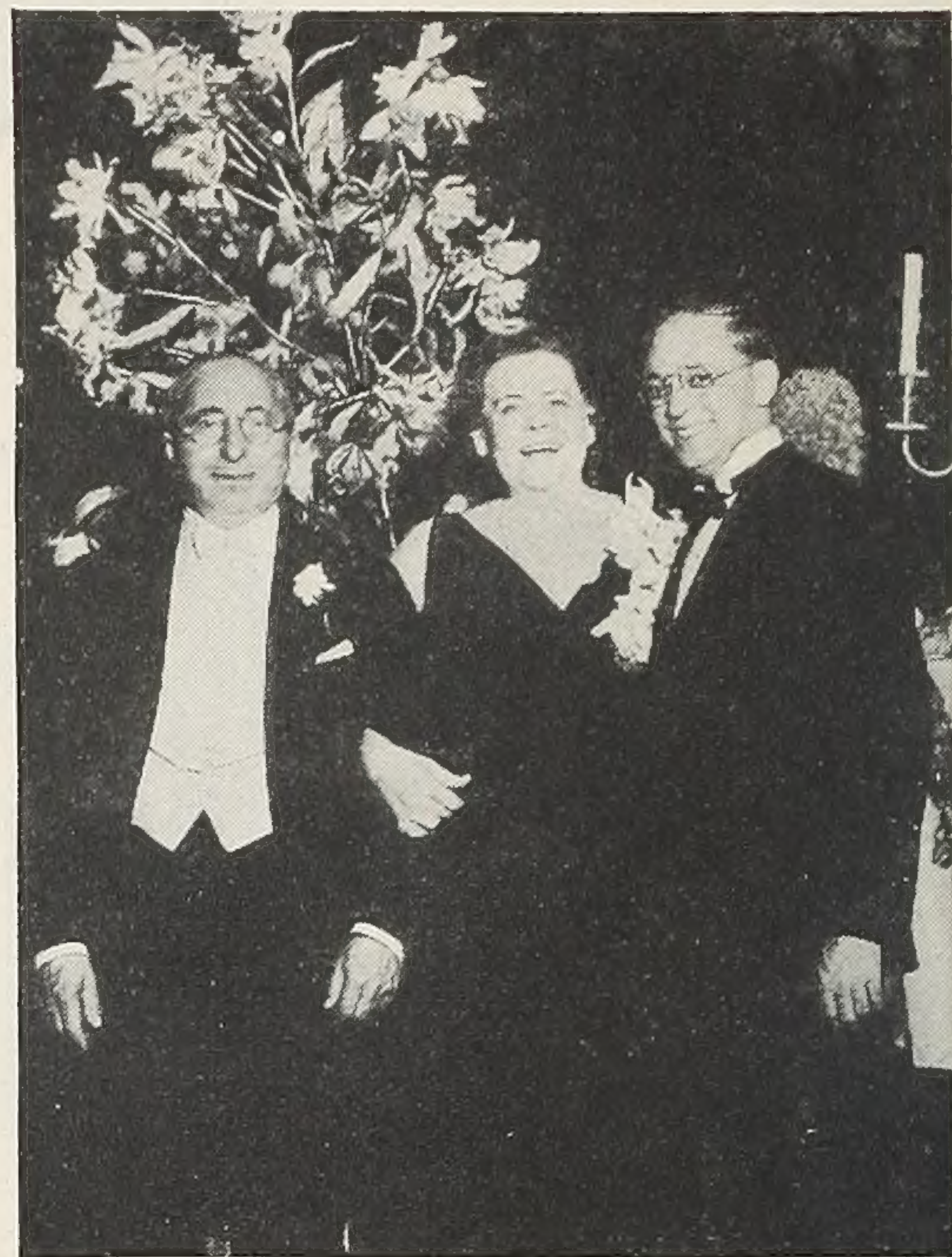
WELL, they do say in Hollywood that the Garbo romance with her director, Rouben Mamoulian, is still very much on the up and up. "Queen Christina" has



Rivalry develops between famous parents. Dick and Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby hold an offspring party.

been completed these many weeks but Garbo is still "at home" to Mamoulian, and they are seen time and again slipping into previews together. Whether they expect to get married and start housekeeping is something you know just as much about as we do—but this we do know, Mamoulian has been looking for a home ever since he started to work on the Garbo picture, and, having finally decided upon one, he would not close the deal until Garbo had personally inspected it. She okayed it all right, and now Mamoulian is ready to move in—but whether or not there is to be a chatelaine, we just don't know.

ANOTHER hot romance in Hollywood these days and nights is that of Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale. Adolphe was inspecting diamond rings that big on the



At Marie Dressler's birthday party (which you heard about on the radio) M-G-M officials, Louis B. Mayer and E. B. Hatrick, greeted the star and wished her every happiness. All the great of Hollywood were present, and Will Rogers christened the guest of honor "Our Marie."

set the other day when we wandered in, so our guess is that it won't be long now, Veree.

IN THESE turbulent times when a "trial" separation means that the divorce will be in the next mail, it is right jolly to note that the Gloria Stuart-Blair Newell affair was a success. Gloria has told all her friends, "Blair and I are lovers again. Instead of being staid old married people we are back to our courting days of five years ago."

By maintaining separate homes she and her sculptor husband avoid all those clashes of temperament which used to be a feature of their daily life. Well, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster figured that out six years ago when they first married, and it's worked so well that they are rapidly becoming Hollywood's oldest married couple.

JACK OAKIE'S pride and joy these days is (no, not Peggy Joyce) but a stand-in at the Paramount studio named "Cracker" Henderson. Jack was so charmed with "Cracker's" southern accent and dry wit that he immediately employed him as his man-about-the-studio, and took lessons from him when he had to play the son of the Beaumont tobacco millions in "Too Much Harmony." The other day Jack was ribbing "Cracker."

"Cracker," he said, "Ah believes you-all is from Maine."

"Yas, suh," drawled Cracker, "the main paht of Gaw'ja."

DONALD COOK is the latest young man about town to start giving Mary Brian a rush. Poor Mary must get awfully confused sometimes.



# A strange discovery... an exciting test

*Faded skin blooms again  
with new life*

Women have proved what a scientist  
believed: that a natural substance  
in Junis Cream produces remark-  
able results when applied to skin.

YOUTH at middle age is more alluring than at seventeen. What a  
pity then that by the time most women reach 40, youth has de-  
parted from their skins.

A scientist knew that as skin grows old it loses a certain substance  
—a substance which makes skin fresh, alluring—glamorous. So he  
got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the  
finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins  
grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves  
of youth. Skin awakened.

## *Sebisol—what it is*

The natural skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis  
Cream he named *sebisol*. *Sebisol* is part of the chemical substance of  
your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we  
had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis  
Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis  
Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these re-  
sults we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis  
Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

## *You need no other cream*

Gently apply Junis Cream to your face. Feel it penetrate and cleanse.  
Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light  
and smooth in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream serves for  
every purpose—for cleansing and also as a night cream.

Junis Cream contains no wax. Many leading creams do. Wax  
tends to clog the pores.

## *We invite you to make this test*

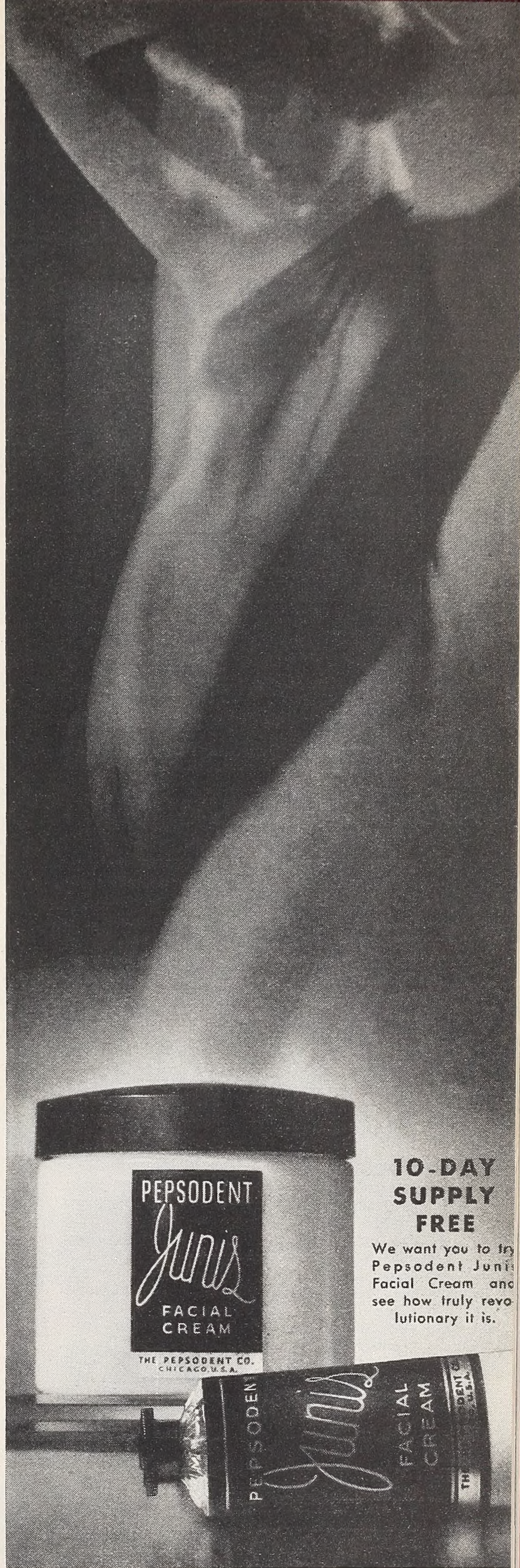
We ask you to try Pepsodent Junis Cream at our expense. We believe  
you will be delighted with results. You be the judge. Junis Cream,  
we think, will thrill you as it has thousands of other women who have  
tried it. Please cut out the coupon and mail it for a free 10-day supply.

See what this new facial cream can do when you put it  
to a beautifying test on your own skin. Mail the coupon.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO



*Free—send this coupon for a 10-day supply*



**10-DAY  
SUPPLY  
FREE**

We want you to try  
Pepsodent Junis  
Facial Cream and  
see how truly revo-  
lutionary it is.

The Pepsodent Co., Dept. J-301, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
This coupon is not good after June 30, 1934.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

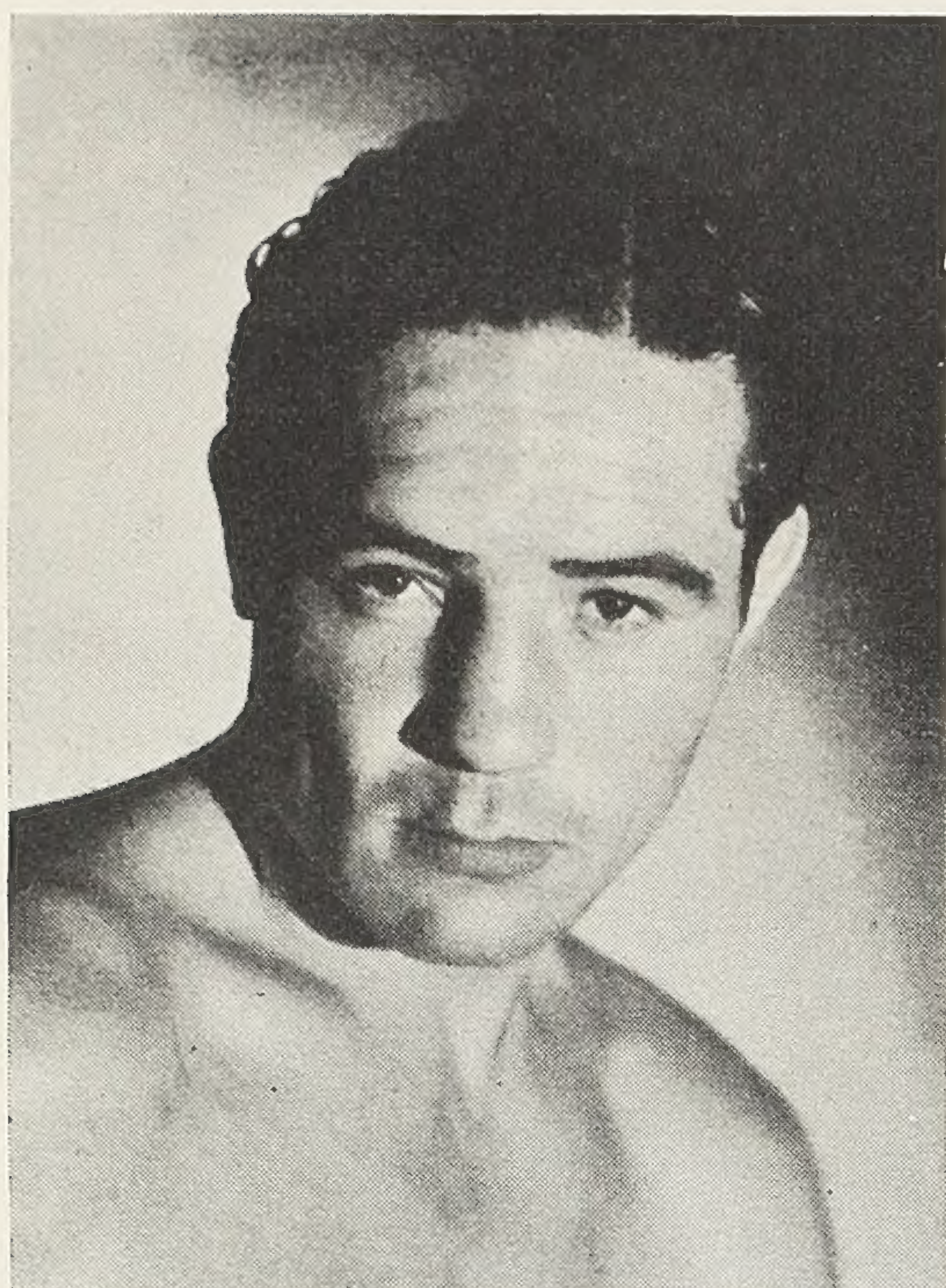
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NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States.



# The OPENING CHORUS



If Max Baer, who is the big feature of "The Prizefighter and the Lady," does as well in the ring next June, in his battle for the heavyweight championship of the world, as he does in this, his first moving picture job, a certain big Italian will add an *ex* to his title.

IS HOLLYWOOD'S favorite bachelor about to purchase a wedding ring at last? It looks very much like Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw will away to a minister almost any minute now. Any place that Gary goes these days, there's always Sandra too, and a most attractive couple they do make, for Sandra is slim and statuesque and Gary isn't exactly what you'd call a midget. Sandra is the niece of Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M director and husband of Dolores del Rio.

When asked why she denied she was married to Johnny Weissmuller, when they paid a recent visit to Nevada, the Mexican tamale said, "I didn't feel like saying I was married then, now I feel like saying it." Which leaves Lupe wide open to a crack about "sense" . . . Lupe and Johnny are trying to phenagle a honeymoon in Honolulu . . . Which luscious island was also to be the honeymoon spot of Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, but after Hal got excused from going to Mexico on the "Viva Villa" picture Jean up and had her appendix removed, and as soon as she got well she had to do a co-starring picture with Marie Dressler.

Pity the poor Hollywood brides and grooms. Sometimes it takes years to get off on a honeymoon . . . But Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were lucky. After their marriage in the East, they had a fortnight's motor trip through New England. And don't anyone ever doubt the love of those two—why, before Frances had to hurry off on location with the "Rodney" company, she had to have a permanent wave, and heavy lover Joel sat right there by her side in the beauty shop while she had it.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD  
JANUARY 1934

VOLUME FOUR  
NUMBER THREE

# Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF LILIAN HARVEY  
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



# 12 STAR TRIUMPH!

Now Comes the Year's Most Celebrated Hit!

★ MARIE DRESSLER  
★ JOHN BARRYMORE  
★ WALLACE BEERY  
★ JEAN HARLOW  
★ LIONEL BARRYMORE  
★ LEE TRACY  
★ EDMUND LOWE  
★ BILLIE BURKE  
★ MADGE EVANS   ★ KAREN MORLEY  
★ JEAN HERSHOLT   ★ PHILLIPS HOLMES



## DINNER *at*



"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama... the fallen matinee idol... the millionaire's frivolous wife... the amorous doctor of the idle rich... stolen hours of romance... each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!



Screen play by  
Frances Marion  
and Herman J.  
Mankiewicz.  
From the Sam H.  
Harris stage play  
by GEORGE S.  
KAUFMAN &  
EDNA FERBER

Produced by  
David O. Selznick

Directed by  
George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER



# "You're

# Telling Me"

The sharper the  
point, the less  
space it takes.



What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. \$15 for first prize, \$10 for second prize, \$5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Ginger Rogers with a fan—the latest costume for hot dancers.

#### First Prize

"HERE is an idea for the producers who are responsible for our short features on theater programs," writes Mrs. D. Wheatley, Jr., of Commerce, Texas. "Instead of so many being devoted to music and song, why not take advantage of that space of time to present drama in condensed form, somewhat as the 'short short story' is presented in magazines? Very unusual plots could be used."

*Like the vaudeville sketches of old—"The Littlest Girl" for example. Remember?*

#### Second Prize

MRS. EVERETT A. THOMPSON of Fulton, N. Y., writes: "Let's have less raw realities in the films. Was it necessary that Katharine Hepburn should give herself to Adolphe Menjou in the picture 'Morning Glory'? It would have been fully as effective and infinitely less filthy if she had kept her love on a hero-worship basis. There is no drama in freedom. Repression, alone, brings dramatic struggle."

*That was to show the exploiting of the dreamer. But wonderful Katharine, still free, cries, "I'm not afraid."*

#### Third Prize

"STOP handing us the razzberries on how hard the stars have to work. So do those who work in factories, offices and on the farms," writes Milly Buranitz of 60th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The only difference is that in a year or two most stars can retire to a life of luxury while we have to work, work and work."

*And glad of the job. Eh, Milly?*

"HOW do you think we can get the full value of a Harlow-Gable kiss when the thought that *he* has a wife at home and *she* a husband, flashes through our minds?" asks Golden Chiriaco of Nellie Avenue, Florence, Ala. "Pick out two good looking, unmarried ones, and then let's have them teamed up together in a picture."

*Showing that marriage hurts popularity.*

"STARS, who make personal appearances, are becoming more popular than those whom only the lucky few in Hollywood can see in real life," writes Margaret Deminski of Clark Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. "I would advise the producers to send more of the stars on personal appearance tours."

*So many have done it after they lost their jobs that it is considered an admission of failure.*

JESSIE E. JONES of 39th Street West, Savannah, Ga., writes: "When Cagney is playing in a picture, it seems as though he just draws you into the story and makes you live it with him. He is so full of life, and does not move around as if he were half dead. When you read of a picture that James Cagney is going to play in, you can assure yourself that you will not lose anything by seeing it."

*Faint praise!*

"WHY in the world doesn't someone wake up to the fact that the animated cartoons are putting actors and actresses out of work?" asks K. K., of Maynard, Mass. "The cartoons are interesting, but we like variety. The N.R.A. calls for more work, more pay. Hollywood can offer this, and more. How? By replacing these cartoons with real pictures."

*It takes twelve artists to draw one mouse. That's N.R.A.*

"AS you are about the only magazine movie critic who tells us the truth about pictures, I am writing you to ascertain why 'The Blonde Venus' was not among the first ten selected for last year," writes H. H. Fry of 3rd Place, Washington, D. C. "I have been writing criticisms of plays and films for lo! these many years, and thought I knew something about the art, but when a picture like 'Venus' is given the gate I decide to fall back on Silver Screen."

*Because "Venus," though beautiful, was not plausible, and therefore lacked reality-punch.*

ELEANORE LOUISE PARKER of East River Street, Ilion, N. Y., writes: "It seems to me that a short educational sketch on chess playing would be highly entertaining. Among the exhibits at the World's Fair in Chicago was a collection of antique chessmen. Some of them were extraordinary objects of art."

*No action, Eleanore.*

"I JUST can't help mentioning that whenever a war picture is shown—as, for example, 'Today We Live' or 'The White Sister'—just one lone plane of ours generally shoots down a fleet of twelve or more of the opposite side. Give us your honest opinion. Were the others asleep all the time?" asks Margaret Vogel of West 15th Street, Davenport, Ia.

*Twelve foreigners to one Yankee is about right—Three cheers for hokum!*

HOPE WYNN of Jacksonville, Fla., asks: "Why not strike off a medal to be presented to the crooner who walloped that perambulating scandal sheet, Walter (Key-hole to you) Winchell?"

*People will not fear Winchell if they are being good boys.*

AL M. LEFOY of Jacob Street, Bristol, Conn., writes: "Give me the Rimplegars! Every one of them was just grand! They were a crazy lot, but you loved them just the same, and you remembered them for weeks and weeks after seeing 'Three Cornered Moon.'"

*Fortunate, isn't it, that love doesn't require much sense?*

MRS. J. EVERETT WISE of George St., Anderson, Ind., writes: "How loyal people are to any movie actor who happens to hail from their neck of the woods! I get a big kick out of seeing Charlie Murray because my dad knew him in Muncie, Indiana."

*Charlie Farrell used to breathe the same Cape Cod fog that we did.*



*Ablaze in the cinema heavens!  
Two shining stars in two brilliant*

# SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS

## EDDIE CANTOR

*in*



## "ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Every-  
body's Eddie! Now a crashing  
charioteer! Burning up Rome with  
laughs, lions, lovely ladies, lilting  
lyrics! One big Roman Holiday!

with RUTH ETTING  
GLORIA STUART  
DAVID MANNERS  
and the  
NEW GOLDWYN GIRLS

Released thru  
UNITED ARTISTS



GLAMOROUS...  
FASCINATING...

*Anna Sten*  
*in*

## "NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of  
voluptuousness from Zola's  
magic pages, she has a role  
magnificently matching her  
superb artistry. America  
awaits, with expectant thrill,  
this, her first American picture





# OVERTURES to BEAUTY

The use of beauty aids brings happiness as well as beauty.

By  
Mary  
Lee



There is something about a blonde . . . it's usually men. Cecelia Parker supplied beauty for twenty-two "westerns" before she stamped to Educational.

NOT all of us can afford to go to expensive beauty salons and have facials *de luxe*, at a couple of dollars a throw—at least we can't afford to do it very often. But I'm here to state that when you do make up your mind to spend some money that way, it pays bigger dividends than you can imagine.

Just suppose you've got a big date. And you've been working all day. You feel tired and disheveled, and not very enthusiastic about yourself or anything else. You even *look* that way. Then's the time, my dears, to stop in at your favorite beauty shop, late in the afternoon, and order the "works."

It's not so much what the facial is going to do to improve your looks. What it does to lift you out of the Slough of Despond is much more important. You can't help but feel pepped up when a beautician gets through with you. Your eyes will be brighter, your skin will be softer, your disposition will be improved and you'll be happier from head to toe. You'll have more confidence in yourself. You'll feel like coming out of your shell. And that makes you just twice as good "company" as you might be otherwise.

Why, there's one very smart young lady in Hollywood who gets up an hour earlier than she has to on mornings that she's due at the studio—so that she can have a facial first—in spite of the fact that she's going to have to smother her lovely complexion with yellow powder and greasepaint before she faces the camera. So you can understand that it's not so much for the effect on her complexion alone that she has the daily morning facial.

No . . . she says that having an expert beautician fussing over her, patting her face and smoothing creams well into the skin with gentle massaging fingers, while she sits back luxuriously in a comfortable chair, is just the last word in giving her that "up and at 'em" feeling.

You see, you rest and relax while you're having a facial, and during that half hour or so, you begin to store up fresh energy. You begin to think of how grand you're going to look when you get through—and you feel almost elegant, at the very *thought*. It's an awfully important feeling, and every woman is entitled to it once in a while.

For the same reason, it's important to cleanse your face and re-do your make-up several times every day. It freshens you up mentally, as well as physically. It's a good idea to first use cleansing cream, and

then follow it with a mild soap and warm water. The soap and water removes every vestige of the cream, and stimulates the circulation—in addition to removing the last particle of dirt. Follow this treatment with an astringent, or cold water, to close the pores, and use a powder base after that. If your skin is naturally oily, I think you'd do better by omitting the powder base and apply your make-up directly after the astringent or cold water.

Again, if you're getting ready for a dinner or evening date, use a little different make-up than you have been accustomed to all day. This actually makes you feel more "dressed up," even though you're wearing the same dress. Suppose you don't wear eye-shadow as a rule—well, then, by all means use it for the "special occasion." Just a bit . . . either blue, or lavender or light green . . . whichever suits you best. I think, as a rule, these shades do more for your eyes and coloring than the brown or grey shades which are liable to make your eyes look as though they needed sleep. You know some eye-shadows are being made with tiny specks of gold and silver in them, which are very effective, especially when you're dressed for a formal dance.

Incidentally, a change of perfume is always effective. You may have been wearing a light, youthful perfume all day long, but change to a heavier, more exotic scent at nightfall and see how quickly that puts you, and your boy friend, too, in a more romantic mood. There are loads and loads of good perfumes, of course, and what you choose really depends on what your nose knows it likes. But if you've got a bit of Spanish in you, you should try one of the D'Henri perfumes. They have no alcohol in them—but contain the pure perfume essence, and are very unique in their fragrance. These are true Spanish perfumes.

And, by all means, vary the shades of

your rouge and lipstick, for evening . . . so that you won't look like the same old gal who shopped around the stores or slaved around the office all day long. A brighter shade of rouge, a more vivid lipstick for a change, will perk up your mood as well as your face. Speaking of various shades of lipstick, Helena Rubinstein is now boxing three little lipsticks, (no relation to the Three Little Pigs), together, for the approximate price of one. They are miniature lipsticks, of course, but each is a different shade, and each has a different colored case. It's a grand idea, I think, as you may not only choose the shade of lipstick to match your mood . . . but you can switch the tops of the cases from one to the other and manage to carry the container that matches your costume.

But enough for make-up—which, after all, is seldom effective if the skin that wears it is not flawless. A number of women lately have been writing me about Poslam. Poslam, you know, is a tried and true medicinal salve that's been known for half a century. Lately, a few ingenious women have been testing its use for the treatment and removal of skin blemishes. They say it works marvelously. I thought you might like to know about this—because, in addition to its being effective, you may use it on the blemish, under your make-up, and it hides it while it heals.

Blemishes are one thing, and enlarged pores are another, but both usually result from a poor circulation. And the first step toward ridding yourself of them, is to tone up your system completely. Get out and take good long walks . . . yes, even in the winter. Do lots of exercises, even if your figure is thin enough as it is. And instead of sitting lazily in a warm tub, take a real cold shower in the morning. Let the water beat on your skin. Then rub yourself down briskly with a rough Turkish towel.

Once or twice a week, try this. It's an old Hollywood custom. Rub salt well into your skin. A whole handful of ordinary table salt. Then rinse it away thoroughly under the shower. This makes your blood race, all right, and it gives your skin a tingling sensation. Skins that aren't too sensitive can also stand this treatment on the face, only you have to be a bit more gentle about the way you rub the salt in.



**NO MARRIAGE TIES**—Good. (RKO) As an "ad" man, brimful of slogans and liquor, Richard Dix has pet theories about women, trying them out *successively* but not *successfully* on Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon.

**NOTORIOUS BUT NICE**—Good. (Chest.) Night clubs, racketeering, and *virtue triumphant* form the theme of this. (Marian Marsh, Donald Dilloway.)

**OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT**—Slapstick comedy. (Fox) El Brendel as a goofy janitor and Walter Catlett as a perennial drunk furnish many amusing situations.

**ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON**—Fine. (Par) The simpler, but not less dramatic side of the Gay Nineties is portrayed here. (Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller.)

**PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY 8th**—Superb. (UA) Don't miss this! Chas. Laughton makes the much-married king a vital, living person, to be remembered long after your history-book idea of Henry has faded from your memory.

**SATURDAY'S MILLIONS**—Fine. (U) A football yarn that is different—honest! The hero does not save the game at the *steenth* moment. (Robert Young, Leila Hyams.)

**SKYWAY**—Fine. (Monogram) A bank-drama that takes to the air when the hero pursues an absconder of funds in an amphibian plane. (Ray Walker, Kathryn Crawford, Claude Gillinwater, Lucien Littlefield.)

**SHANGHAI MADNESS**—Fair. (Fox) Spencer Tracy turns in another fine performance as an outcast navy officer in China. With him are Fay Wray, Eugene Pallette, Ralph Morgan and Herbert Mundin.

**SOLITAIRE MAN**—Fine. (MGM) Intense drama superbly enacted within the confines of an airplane en route from Paris to London. In cast, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes.

**S.O.S. ICEBERG**—Fair. (U) Actually filmed in Greenland, this story of a scientist seeking records of a lost expedition holds you because of its grim realism. Rod La Rocque in the cast.

**SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR**—Fair. (U) Irritated by sluggish police methods a publisher gets his staff to solve some puzzling crimes. (Alan Dinehart, Wynne Gibson.)

**STAGE MOTHER**—Fine. (MGM) Alice Brady gives another delightful performance as the frustrated actress who forces her daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) into a theatrical career.

**SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI**—Entertaining. (Monogram) Sprightly college yarn, with lovely girls, tuneful songs and no studies to speak of. (Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle).

**THUNDER OVER MEXICO**—Interesting. (Principal) Starting out as propaganda, with a slight romantic thread of story, this ends up by being a colorful travelogue with many novel and stirring scenes.

**TILLIE AND GUS**—Excellent comedy. (Par) Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields play a couple of amusingly slick gamblers. But Baby LeRoy adroitly manages to steal a number of laughs.

**WALTZ TIME**—Charming. (British-Gaumont) The attractive Evelyn Laye in one of Johann Strauss' lilting Viennese operettas.

**WORLD CHANGES, THE**—Extremely interesting. (WB) An American "Cavalcade" beautifully portrayed by Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee.



#### John Gilbert's Surprise

Hollywood is as *predictable* as a pair of dice. Now it's John Gilbert upon whom Good Fortune is smiling, and John is pretty happy at the pleasant turn of Fate. His lovely wife and baby girl brought him luck, and then Garbo chose him for her leading man! And *Now* the talk is that his performance in "Christina" is great!

Good work, John.



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**YOUR WAIST AND HIPS**  
**3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**  
**OR**  
**... it won't cost you one penny!**



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## MARVELOUS HEPBURN!

THE movie world is cheering for Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." Her great performance as *Jo* puts Katharine out in front. She is now at work on "Trigger," with Louis Mason. In the story the mountain people persecute her, believing her to be a witch.



# SILVER SCREEN

## TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

**P**ATSY KELLEY, New York's favorite comedienne, who's been putting funny business into the Marion Davies-Bing Crosby picture for the last month, can now be socially accepted in Hollywood: She Has Been Snubbed by Garbo. And that makes her one of us. Patsy, since starting to work on the Metro lot, has become friendly with Chris Miller, the Garbo stand-in, who bears a striking resemblance to the famous Swede. Dashing out of her dressing room the other day, in a mad rush to get to her stage in time, Patsy bumped right into what she thought was Chris. "Out of my way, dope," she shouted, "out of my way." And then she froze in her tracks. It was Garbo. We are still hoping that Patsy will recover from frostbite and chilblains.

**M**AE WEST has started a new kind of "story conference" in Hollywood. When the "boys" want to start discussing her new picture with her, instead of going into a huddle in her dressing room or their office, she simply invites them for a ride in her car. They bring along their papers and pencils and talk big business while Mae admires the foaming surf along the Roosevelt Highway, or the sunset over the Malibu range.

**M**ARLENE DIETRICH has started a new fad—wearing her rings on the outside of her gloves. But she has had to sacrifice to art those long, red-to-the-tip finger nails which she made a fad of before she went to Europe, on her last vacation. Director Von Sternberg informed her that Catherine of Russia had stubby nails (and probably chewed them) so Marlene obligingly filed hers off.

**M**ADGE EVANS is dreading the time that a certain Hollywood critic sits down to write a review of her next picture. And it's all Mrs. Evans' fault, too, if the critic says those damning words, "Madge Evans was adequate." It seems that Mrs. Evans is the typical mother and believes that Madge can do no wrong. So when Madge swung out of a side street the other day and almost crashed into another car, which was doing a bit of swinging on its own, mother Evans stuck her head out and shouted, "You fool! Look where you're going!"

Madge took a look at the "fool" and her heart missed a beat! He was none other than one of Hollywood's most influential critics—and he appeared to be foaming at the mouth!

**J**ACKIE COOPER has decided to give little Georgine Belzer (Loretta Young's little sister) the air. It seems that the kids in the neighborhood were calling him a "sissy" behind his back—and that was too much. Especially after "The Bowery."

**"W**ELL," observed Jack Dempsey, as he watched Max Baer and Primo Carnera pulling their punches in a fighting sequence in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" at the Metro studio, "so now prizefighters get Kleig-eyes instead of black eyes."

**S**ENSATIONAL, we call it! That bizarre combination worn by Marlene Dietrich at the Colony Club the other night (yeah, Von Sternberg was along). Madame wore a great, big, rough, red sweater, clasped at the throat with a diamond pin!

**A**ND, talking about parties, one of the weirdest parties we ever went to was given by Joan Blondell the other evening. It was a "mad" party and Joan was so burned that even the bedroom went up in flames! When Joan and hubby George Barnes got home from a day on location, Joan happened to pick up a local trade paper and read a nasty crack about herself and George in the "lowdown" column. (Heaven knows, the last people in Hollywood

Jean Parker broadcasting in the holiday spirit. In the Hollywood High School, Jean learned more about the movies than she did about mathematics.

who ought to be gossiped about are Joan and George, who are so much in love with each other that the rest of the world can go by and they'll still bid six hearts.) Joan was furious—so she called up a couple of friends, and a couple of guys from the studio, and her agent and her lawyer, and was letting the sparks fly all over the place when suddenly her bedroom upstairs ignited. All the "mad" guests immediately formed a bucket brigade and by the time the fire department, in Ed Wynn hats, had climbed Look-Out mountain, everything was under control, with feathers everywhere. Joan was so upset over the disappearance of her Siamese kitten (named "Scram," and rightly too) and her eyelashes that when the excitement was over she had forgotten all about her desire "to take steps." So the guests, only slightly singed, decided just to have a party.

**W**HEN Cary Grant, on his way to the studio, found himself stalled on Vine Street early one morning with a dead battery, he looked desperately around for a friendly driver to give him a push. Imagine his surprise when Mae West's car drove up along side his. Her chauffeur gave him the desired push and Cary went gliding over the hill waving his thanks to Mae.

"Nothing to it," Mae shouted after him, "just a pushover."

[Continued on page 48]





# "When the Big

*When Life is Good, When Fortune Smiles and Four Leaf Clovers Garland the Pathway, Then Hollywood Celebrates with a Party.*

**W**HEN the option is taken up and the old career is safe for one more year; when the contract is signed on the dotted line and there'll be no more one night stands; when the divorce is granted and love can have its way; when at the preview the audience applauds lustily and you are "discovered;" when the front office gives you a pat on the back and a bonus check; when you get star billing and your favorite director—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy—that calls for a celebration. You gotta let off steam. You gotta call up people. You gotta spend money. Why, you gotta give a party!

"Hello, Bob, bring around a couple of cases of champagne right away. Sure, the best."

"Hello, Jimmy, I want a table for twelve tomorrow night at the Grove. You bet, soup to nuts."

"Hello, operator, give me the Desert Inn at Palm Springs."

"Hello, Billy, I want to rent the Vendome for Saturday night. Yeah, another costume party."

And so it goes in Hollywood where options come up as regularly as elevators. When the big moment comes lots of the boys and girls run out and buy a new car, or call in the most expensive decorator, or buy a present for mother—but most often their first thought is to throw a party.

When Carole Lombard returned from Reno with a neat but not gaudy little document tucked away in her bag, announcing that she need no longer sit at a breakfast table with William Powell, she hardly had time to



Wide World

Walter Wanger, as the policeman of the "Gay Nineties," with Miriam Hopkins at the Bowery party.

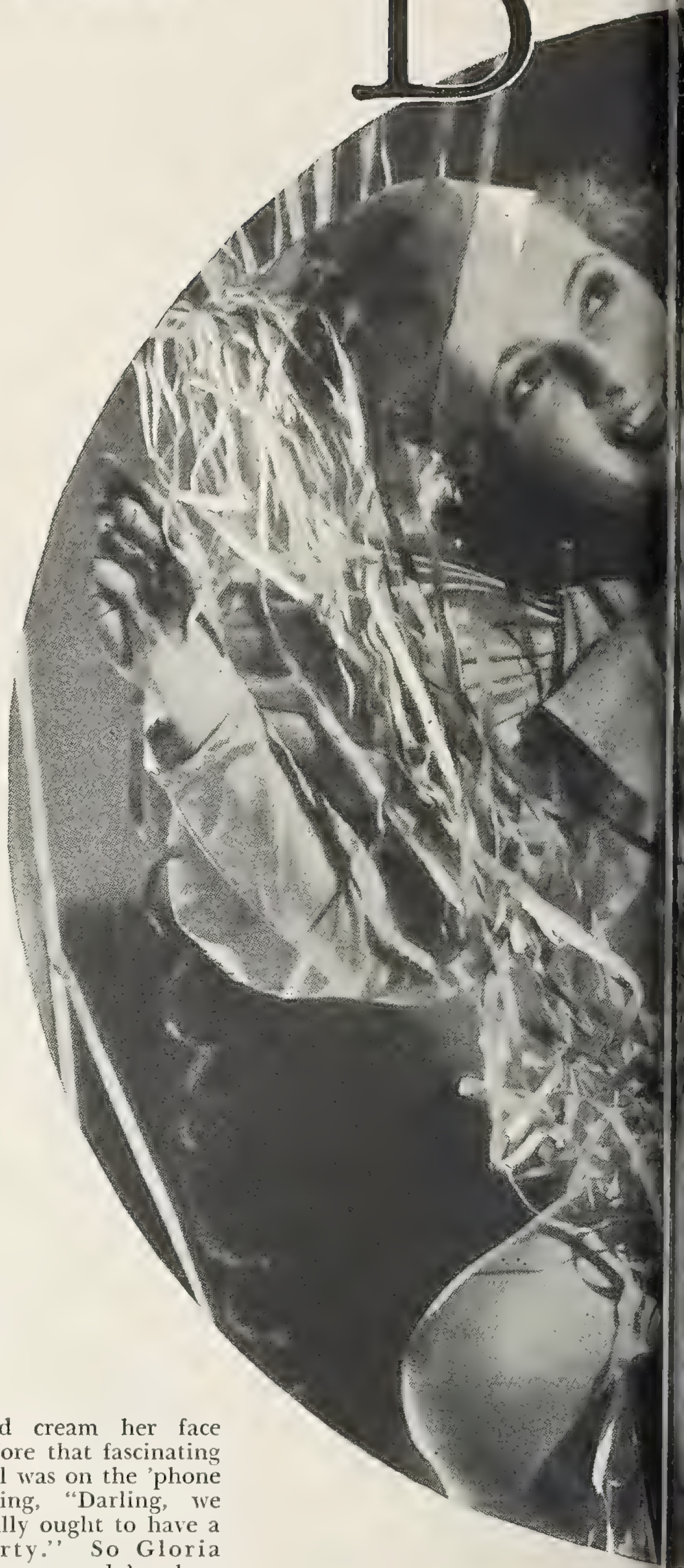
Jean Harlow, George Raft and Arline Judge celebrate George's great part as Steve Brodie.

Wide World



cold cream her face before that fascinating Bill was on the 'phone saying, "Darling, we really ought to have a party." So Gloria Swanson and her husband, Mike Farmer, who are awfully good friends of the Powell and the ex-Powell, threw a delightful dinner party for the just-divorced pair at their Beverly Hills home, with the Dick Barthelmesses much in evidence. From there they went to the premiere of "Dinner at Eight" at the Chinese, where Carole and Bill shocked the old sticklers-for-conventions by holding hands during the intermission. In fact the people back of them reported a bit of necking when the lights were out. Such goings-on for the Reno-vated.

Adrienne Ames didn't even wait to return from Reno to give her divorce party. Just a day or so after millionaire Stephen Ames said, "Well, my love, so this is the end," and took a plane for New York, and all the newspapers carried headlines, Adrienne gave a most elaborate party at her beautiful Beverly Hills home. Of course Bruce





# NIGHT Comes"

By Elizabeth Wilson



Benn Levy (at left) and his wife, Constance Cummings, at Darryl Zanuck's Big Blow-off celebrating the "Bowery" success. *Wide World*

When Bobbe Arnst got her divorce from Johnny Weissmuller she threw a Freedom Party. James Cagney and the Missus, with Brother Bill Cagney and Boots Mallory, his wife.

*Keystone*



Florinne McKinney expresses the gay spirit of Happy Hollywood.

Cabot, in a white mess jacket, was right there to help her receive the guests who came to gasp at Adrienne's audacity, but stayed to have a darned good time. Adrienne looked marvelous in a tea gown that swooped over the shoulders and came down in a circular swish. A buffet supper was served on the lawn, where the hundreds of lighted candles gave it quite a *Versaillesish* appearance. Mrs. Oakie, Jack's mother, was the local *Pompadour* and had everyone listening to her stories. The only casualty of the evening occurred when Lil Tashman mistook the floor for another step and sprained her ankle on the way to the playroom. Lionel Barrymore came gallantly to her rescue. A day or so later, Adrienne packed her trunks, closed the house, and left for Reno. And just as soon as she received those divorce papers, she and Bruce did an off-to-Yuma.

A most recent "freedom" party was given by Bobbe Arnst, who used to be Mrs. Tarzan, and who used to be so crazy about her wandering Johnny that she would cry whenever you mentioned his name—and bawl if you let slip a *Lupe*. But time heals broken hearts and patches frayed nerves and now Bobbe is the gayest of the gay. The night she received her final decree happened also to be her birthday, so she celebrated with a combination birthday-freedom party at the Montmartre night club. She had an immense birthday cake with a replica of Walt Disney's Three Little Pigs dancing around it. (Whether or not the three little pigs were symbolical of Bobbe, Lupe and Johnny is something for you to decide.) Among the cake-eaters were Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, and Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. Lupe and Johnny celebrated the final decree by a [Continued on page 58]



# "FOOLISH WITH

*Why Should Salaries Be Limited—  
the Stars Rarely Keep the  
Money for Themselves?*



There once was a time when Olive Borden had serving men and fol de rols that a princess might have envied. Here is Olive at the height of her career.

**T**HE subject of money—cold, hard, metallic money—has never been as important to Hollywood as it is today. And, personally, I'm sorry. Terribly sorry.

Of course it's the code, with its threat of placing a nice, commonplace, top-figure on a salary. And the bank holiday with its salary cut. And the strike. Even Fairyland has been invaded by a stalking ghost of fear with all of these unusual, economic problems. No one understands them out here; no one pretends to understand unless he is talking for publication. Garbo only knows that instead of making \$12,500 a week, she may be making \$1000; and Neil Hamilton understands that his \$1750 may drop to \$750; and di-



# THEIR MONEY"

By Ruth Biery

Lupe Velez is now a sensible married person, but there was a time when the vivacious, irrepressible Lupe joyously threw away her money. Once she bought 13 fur coats.

Gary Cooper has learned his lesson, and now has a manager, Jack Moss, whose life work it is to say "no" to Gary's impulses.

rector Mervyn Le Roy realizes that instead of collecting \$100,000 a year, he may collect only \$25,000. And so on.

They're having meetings. Two and three in an evening. The actors congregate at one place; the directors at another; and the writers and the extras and the cameramen are all getting together in groups to talk "it" over. Not really understanding much about "it," but feeling a sensation of comfort and hope by just rubbing shoulders with one another.

And they're moving out of their expensive houses and refusing to buy expensive cars and cutting down the number of their servants . . . to prepare for the day when Cinderella may find that her slipper had turned from bright gold to easily-tarnished silver.

Yes, they're going practical. Miriam Hopkins was paying \$500 a month rent until a few weeks ago—for the house that Garbo lived in before she went to Sweden. The landlord refused to reduce the price, so Miriam moved. She had to, as her personal manager only allows her \$500 to live on—and this sum must take care of *everything*. She never even sees the rest of her weekly salary check. Now, she is paying \$250 for rent. Gary Cooper was paying \$350 for another house that Garbo had inhabited when she first became famous. She had paid \$700. But Gary thought \$350 too much under *present conditions* and moved way out into the country where he gets a ranch for just a little more than a hundred. Kay Francis has taken a lease on a home for which she and her husband pay \$50 monthly. And, for the first time, Marlene Dietrich has a house without a swim-

ming pool, despite the fact that daughter Maria adores the pool. "We will be in Europe for the summer, so what matter?" shrugs Marlene.

The other evening Lupe Velez Weissmuller and Johnny drew up before my home, and Lupe screeched lustily: "Come out and see Johnny's new car." The entire family raced out and stood with "ohs" and "ahs" before a majestic Dusenbergs. Our hearts beat a little faster; our eyes gleamed a little brighter. A breath of the old Hollywood had swept up to our door—

"And we only paid \$7000 for it. Bought it second hand. Less than a smaller car would cost new. It only has 22,000 [Continued on page 54]



# UP from the THEATRE GUILD!

Alice Brady Made O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" a Personal Triumph on Broadway. Now, Alice is the Sensation of the Screen.

By  
Louise  
Irwin

IT was midnight and the "Vinegar Tree" company called time out for a little rest and a bite to eat. They issued supper checks to the cast.

"I want three checks, if you please," said Alice Brady.

"Three?" A slight lift of a studio eyebrow.

"One for me," she said, checking them off on her fingers. "One for my maid, Nana, and one for Sammy."

"Sammy?" The eyebrow lifted a shade higher.

"My little dog. He is a bit anæmic and he always has bacon and eggs and toast at this hour!"

"Oh!"

Miss Brady received her three checks and three suppers were subsequently served in her dressing room. Sammy, I am told, approved of the bacon and eggs but found the toast a bit cold.

You cannot write about Alice Brady without writing about her dogs. You cannot talk with her without discussing them. She has four—three wire haired terriers and a lugubrious Scotty. She takes them everywhere with her and suits their convenience in most matters.

"For thirteen years I have not been able to go to England because of Sammy," she told me. "He is the eldest of the four and, you know, when you go over there, they make you put your dog in quarantine for six months before they will allow you to bring him into the country. I have had some lovely offers—fascinating plays with splendid direction and production. But they won't lift that quarantine ban, even for Royalty. The last time I received an offer, they told me that they could arrange to have him, kept only twenty miles from London. But it seemed to me that it would be too difficult to drive forty miles every day while doing a play! Especially on matinee days. So I had to decline."

We were in her dressing room and she was slipping out of her costume so that

The delightful whimsies of high comedy come only from a fine mind.



The great of the stage find "Welcome" on the mat of Hollywood.



Alice Brady in "Stage Mother."



Alice made "When Ladies Meet," and, then, four more pictures as fast as the cameras could turn.



it might be pressed while she had lunch.

"They keep on giving me organdie costumes," she sighed. "If you sit down for one minute the thing is ruined."

"However, I do like parts which

allow me to wear nice clothes! I hate drab, uninteresting costumes, however interesting the character may be. I had rather," she beamed at me, "have an interesting costume than an interesting rôle, if

[Continued on page 57]



# ALL ABOARD FOR WEDDED BLISS

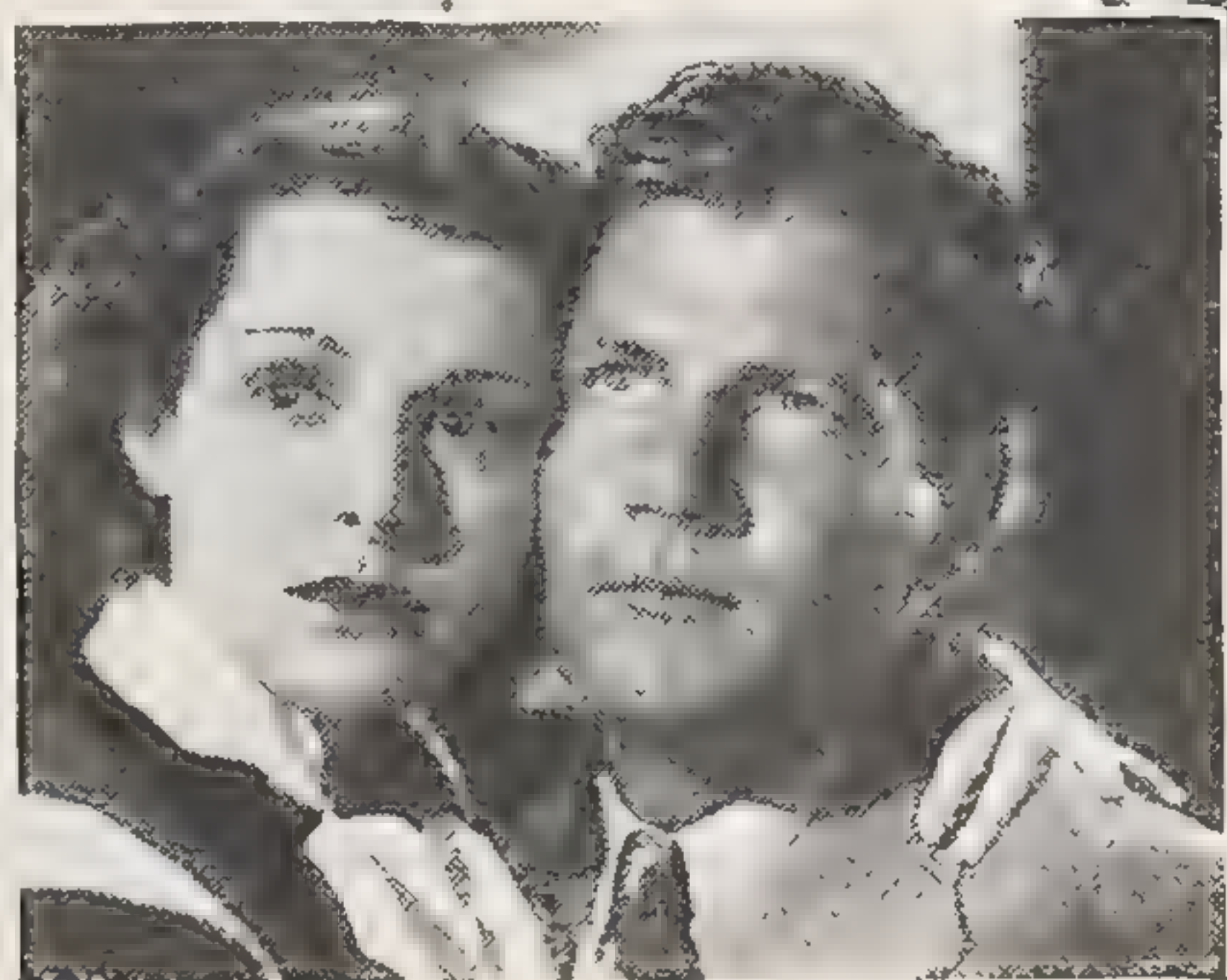
Mr. and Mrs.  
McCrea Take  
Off for Better-  
or-Worse.

By  
Ivy Wilson

**L**UNCHING with Joel McCrea, Hollywood's happiest benedict, was quite an experience—I found myself meeting a celebrity between each mouthful. It happened that the studio cafe was the place we had decided on for a bite to eat, and a heart to heart chat on the pitfalls of young love and marriage. Every minute some star or director would dash up, until I felt that if another person came along to slap Joel on the back, or to ask "How's Frances?", or invite himself to sit down, I would forget I was supposed to be a lady and throw something at them. Joel made at least six unsuccessful attempts to draw a plan of his ranch house on the table cloth for me, but he never got beyond the living room. He did manage to tell me it was early Californian in style and that Frances adored it. "She's becoming quite the ranchwoman," he said as we escaped from the restaurant, and beat a retreat to his dressing room, where there was some degree of privacy and where I did not have to smile sweetly every few seconds at superfluous celebrities.

A photograph of his bride of a few weeks looked down at me from the wall. She reigns supreme—not a sign of another woman's portrait.

Frances and Joel love their ranch situated in a glorious valley the other side of the Santa Susanna Mountains. It stretches over a thousand acres, and herds of cattle graze contentedly in the shadow of the volcanic hills which boast riotous colorings of brilliant reds and yellows, and, symbolical of flaming love, stand guard over the property. The ranch is in



Frances Dee and Joel McCrea are now husband and wife—and lovers, too.



May the winds  
of Fortune  
blow ever  
pleasantly up-  
on them!

*International*

a spot that could truly be named Paradise Valley. While they gallop over their broad acres oblivious of Hollywood, people are still wondering about Frances' change of mind. She vowed she would never marry until she had established herself as a film star and her career was assured. Joel despaired of persuading her to say that very important word "yes" (while half a dozen film beauties were sighing for the chance). Joel was one of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelors and many wondered why Frances kept him guessing. She did not say "yes" to Joel's pleadings for several months and then refused to allow their engagement to be announced.

"I am c-c-crazy about Frances. [Continued on page 64]



# The ONE GENIUS

They Pay Her at the Rate of Five Thousand Dollars a Week, and Glad of the Chance; Yet She Has Never Appeared on the Screen.

## FRANCES MARION

By  
Adela  
Rogers  
St. Johns



The secret of the success of Frances Marion is her sympathy for other people.

Frances Marion, the all-time All-American scenario writer.

As a writer, she is unquestioned head of her profession, male and female, and the proof is in the pictures to which her name is signed, and in the box office returns on those pictures.

As a woman, she is a philanthropist, a patroness of young artists, and herself the most brilliant, versatile and accomplished person in Hollywood.

I'm going to let you in on a little secret. I couldn't possibly write about Frances with an unprejudiced type-writer, and there isn't any use pretending I could. I love her



"The Champ" was great for Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, and Frances Marion made it so.

**S**HE has earned millions in Hollywood entirely by her own efforts.

Movie stars turn green with envy at the contents of her pay envelope, the exact figures of which we cannot mention at this moment, what with all the fuss they're making down in Washington.

Studios fight to get her.

Once she is on the lot, producers go home and sleep comfortably o' nights knowing everything will be okay.

Irving Thalberg, the little Napoleon of the film industry, once said he'd rather have her under contract than any other woman. So would everybody else.

Mention her name and big executives get down and knock their heads three times on the floor in reverence. Yet it may be that you've never heard that name. So it now becomes my privilege to introduce to you Miss



Who will forget "Emma," with Marie Dressler and Jean Hersholt in the parts that Miss Marion's artistry conceived?

Some of the credit for the making of Marie Dressler goes to Frances Marion. She "wrote in" the part to fit Marie in the Garbo picture, "Anna Christie."





# IN PICTURES

## SHE IS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S SIX GREATEST WOMEN

too dearly and value her friendship too highly. But—does that make my story less valuable? Does that make my opinion on her less sound? I don't think so. In fact, I'd say just the opposite. Because I've known her ever since we were kids together in San Francisco. We've been in the same game for twenty years. We've gone through birth and death and success and failure together. I've seen Frances under almost every situation it is possible to experience. And so it seems to me when I tell you she is the finest, most honest, most modest woman I've ever known, with the clearest brain and the biggest heart, it ought to mean something. Personally, it makes my life a much more beautiful one to be able to say just this about a woman I know that well. Because we do have disillusionments along the road sometimes, and those friends who stand the test of time and trouble are "jewels in our crown."

I once introduced a very nice girl, who was trying to get along in pictures, to Frances. When we left, I said, "Isn't she grand?" The girl nodded and then said wistfully, "But it doesn't seem quite fair that she should be beautiful, too."

Women who can earn a quarter of a million a year and have brains enough to make most men look like second raters, are not supposed to be beautiful. That's understood. Yet, I have known cameramen to turn away from the star they were photographing and whisper, glancing to the chair where Frances sat with her script, "Gee, I wish Miss Marion'd play some of these parts herself."

Men who have been in love with Frances, and there have been plenty, get you off in corners and tell you that there never was another woman like her, that, in the words of the popular song, "she has everything."

Not long ago I went to the Friday night fights at the Hollywood Legion with Mark Kelly, sporting editor of the Los Angeles Examiner. As we came out we met Frances, who is an enthusiastic follower of all

Frances Marion at home; she is the mother of two boys. Her latest success is "The Prizefighter and The Lady."

sports, and when I presented Mark to her he said, "If you never did anything except write 'The Champ' I'd still think you were the greatest writer in Hollywood."

In my list of the six greatest women of Hollywood, which, to date, has included Peg Talmadge, the mother of the Talmadges, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo and Dorothy Arzner, I place [Continued on page 53]



The trophy of the Academy of Arts and Sciences was awarded to Frances Marion for her picture—*The Champ*.



## Joan Has One Characteristic Which Beats in her Pulses and Dominates Her Every Moment.

JOAN CRAWFORD was preparing for a scene the first time I ever saw her. In those days of silent pictures, there was always a small orchestra on the set for the purpose of creating atmosphere and inducing mood. Joan sat by the musicians, head in hands, eyes closed, concentrating upon the emotions she must express. The organ moaned and the violin sighed. (It was, presumably, a lugubrious emotion for which she was preparing.) And so Joan sat, a tense little statue, thinking about it.

The director smiled, pointing to her. "She takes it so *hard!*" he said. "You would think that this scene were the most important thing in her whole life, in her entire career. It isn't a big scene in the picture."

Joan was only a little featured player then, recently graduated from "stock." It amused the more experienced people around her to see how hard she tried. Well, that is the way Joan has always taken things. Her life, her loves, her work. The big things and the little things. She has taken them, in actors' parlance, "big." People have laughed at her intensity, they have been impatient with it, they have complained about it. Well, I wish I had it! That intensity is Joan's chief asset.

I talked with her in her dressing room yesterday. "You have to *feel* things," she said. "That is the only important thing in life, really. If you try to avoid emotion, if you try to duck experience, as so many cock-sure young people try to do today, you cheat yourself terribly. It took me a long time to learn that. I used to try to run from life, too. I used to try to avoid the things that hurt me or humiliated me. Now I know how important those things are to me."

"Why, just the business of letting yourself *want* something . . . letting yourself want it with all of you . . . is important. If you don't want things *intensely*, you won't get them. What's more, you don't deserve to get them!"

"Certainly you will be hurt. Certainly you will suffer. It doesn't matter. At least, you will be alive; you won't be a vegetable. Learning that has given me a certain sort of peace."

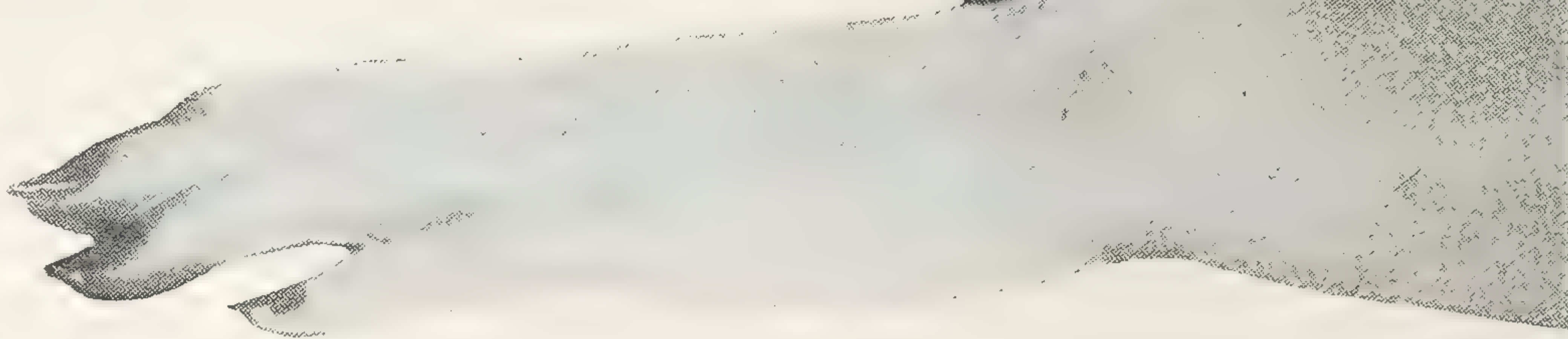
"I am happier right now than I have ever been in my life. I suffered horribly over my marriage. But I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I have passed some sort of milestone. Maybe there are other hazards and more suffering ahead. But I feel—well, safe—right now!"

It occurred to me that this was the first time I had ever heard Joan admit that she was happy. Oh, she was ecstatic, of course, in the early days of her marriage. But there were always things which had to do with her work, other worries. Joan has always seemed to me like a character out of one of Booth Tarkington's books. She has a chronic adolescence which Mr. Tarkington would recognize instantly, I am sure.

Years ago she used to tell me, "I am so unhappy! I stay alone in my apartment and turn on the Victrola and dance and dance and dance . . . until I am exhausted enough to find a little peace . . ." Later, when she was married to Doug, she used to drive alone on the desert at night, trying to run away from herself and her troubles.

She has the actor's knack of dramatizing herself and *believing* it. She thought of herself as a great actress and *acted* like a great actress in the days when everyone else thought of her as a pretty little girl who could dance. Well, that is how Joan has dominated her fate, has made her career. By believing in herself, in her capabilities, believing that she was what she wished to be.

Franchot Tone, Joan's most devoted and most favored suitor just now, told me after he had known her only a short time: "She has the most enormous capacity for interest in other people that I have ever seen. Joan has had problems of her own in the past few months. Not only did she suffer from an unhappy marriage, but she was tortured by untrue gossip and unfair reports in the public prints. You would think that she had



"You have to feel things," says Joan. "That is the only important thing in life, really."

Joan has the actor's knack of dramatizing herself.



# JOAN CRAWFORD

## THE MOST REMARKABLE GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

By Helen Louise Walker

enough on her mind with her own problems . . . . But, no! She has to fret about the problems of a dozen or so other people. She is," he added, very solemnly, "a great woman. And that is not an adjective that you use often or carelessly. I think that about Joan."

I don't agree with Franchot. I do not consider Joan a "great" woman. But I think that she

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford—the much talked of lovers.

She has the emotional capacity which goes with greatness.

nudges it. She has the emotional capacity, the sensitiveness which go with greatness. If her sensitiveness were a little more analytical, a little more mature, if she had more perspective . . . oh, well, I don't know! Who can say, after all, what constitutes greatness? She has one of the most vivid and vital personalities of our time.

Joan has a mother complex. There is no doubt about that. She loves to advise people, guide them, take care of them. Most of the men in Joan's life have been men who needed mothering—and whom she could dominate. Joan has never been attracted to a dominant man.

A prominent writer told me not long ago that he was going to a doctor for a thorough examination. He hadn't been feeling quite fit for some time. "I shouldn't have bothered about it, myself," he said, almost apologetically. "But Joan insists that I go. Joan," he added, looking pleased all to pieces, "worries about me. I can't imagine why!"

Joan worries about everyone whom she likes. (I didn't mention that fact to the pleased young man.) The worry and the interest are genuine. She really *cares* whether people are well and happy. Prop boys, script girls, office boys on the lot, all come in for personal interest and attention. I have seen her in a state of almost tearful rebellion because a young writer in whom she was interested was not, in her opinion, receiving the opportunities or enjoying the success which she felt that he deserved.

She has an amazing effect upon people—an almost hypnotic power over them. When I visited her yesterday there was, upon the set, a girl who had followed her out here from New York, where she saw her months ago. She has sent Joan letters and presents. She has telephoned her home and practically forced her way through Joan's front door. She had got onto the set by some hook or crook but, from the dour expressions [Continued on page 60]

The readers of Silver Screen voted Joan Crawford the Most Popular Player in Hollywood. So Silver Screen sent Joan a Gold Medal. It shows her beautiful profile.



# SEEN ON THE SETS OF

Over Hollywood the Rumors Fly—"Trigger" is going good . . . Retakes for "Christina."

By  
S. R. Mook



Francis Lederer, in "Man of Two Worlds," has a strange rôle for a matinee idol. Perhaps' he's an actor.



Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne." The Fox studio is agog with talk of this toboggan slide set, and the girl from the puppet show.



Garbo in the rôle of "Queen Christina," crown and all, behind closed doors at M-G-M.

**On the M-G-M Lot**  
**I**T SEEMS that every month one set stands out in some picture. This month it's the set for a number in the new Marion Davies-Bing Crosby musical called "Going Hollywood," and the number is called "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines." It's one of the most pretentious and ornate sets I've ever seen.

Marion is in love with a radio crooner — Bing, of

course — and there's nothing distinctive about that—thousands of girls are. While he is broadcasting she falls asleep and dreams that she has taken him from the broadcasting station for a walk. Their walk leads them through a field of daisies and sunflowers. The daisies are of different colored Cellophane, each mounted on a steel stem. The stem is hinged at the bottom, where it is hidden in the grass, and, as they walk through

them, the flowers sway gently from one side to the other. Passing the daisies, they come to sunflowers, and, at their approach, the sunflowers part, falling over sideways. Through a little picket fence they pass, coming to a little cottage, all covered with roses and vines.

The entire house is made of glass. The walls are glass, some of the furniture is even glass. The bedspread is of Cellophane. The curtains are blue Cellophane with red tie-backs. And it is a complete house down to the most minute detail, except that there's no bathroom!

"Where's the bathroom?" I demand of Bing.



# THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS



"We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines," sing Marion Davies and Bing Crosby in "Going Hollywood."

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't take baths," he retorts, and quickly changes the subject. "I haven't seen you since Elmer and Gunder's dunking party."

The "dunking party" to which he refers was the joint christening of his baby and the Richard Arlens'. "I was out to your house for dinner Monday," I explain, "but you were working."

"Humph," says Bing laconically.

I note with interest his costume of white hoes, white flannels and a navy blue coat. Bing, being totally color blind is not usually arrayed harmoniously. Sometimes his garments argue among themselves. Once, for instance, he appeared in yellow flannel trousers, a red sweater and green coat.

He laughs at my scrutiny, understanding it. "The wardrobe department is what you might call 'vigilant' out here," he announces.

Our conversation is interrupted by the assistant director, who calls him on to the set to join Marion. If ever I saw a dream girl, she's it. A ruffled white net dress with tiny flowers on it and a big, floppy, white picture hat.

They take their places at the door of the cottage and a machine starts playing the music Bing has sung as they walked through the daisies and sunflowers. As the record nears the end, Bing starts singing in unison with it and continues his singing after the machine is played out. As he finishes, he opens the door and he and Marion go inside.

There are several other choruses, each with a different setting—one of them on a glass island. Somehow I feel that this is going to make even those spectacles in "Footlight Parade" look pale in comparison.

On stage 2, Ramon Novarro, just back from Europe, greets me warmly. But it's too hot to be impressed with anything. Besides, I've got a bone to pick with him. "You promised me three years ago that the next time you gave a concert in your own little theatre you'd ask me. You had one the other night, but was I invited? No!"

"I'm sorry," he apologizes. "I forgot. And it's so small. Only sixty-four seats. Herbert Howe says I never play to empty houses because all I have to do is ask my immediate family and relatives and the place is full."

"Well," I begin, not entirely mollified.

"I want you to meet Vivienne Segal," he says hurriedly, presenting me to an auburn-haired beauty sitting there.

"'ow-che-do," I sputter. And then I remember. She used to be known as the highest salaried singing ingenue in New York. But that isn't all. Memory stirs and I seem to remember her at Warner Brothers in a series of musicals that should have been good but weren't—through no fault of hers.

"What was the picture you and Walter Woolf did together?" I ask.

"You're a nasty, mean old man to mention it," she smiles. "It was 'Golden Dawn.'"

Somebody's always taking the joy out of life, and just as Ramon, Vivienne and I are having a swell time talking over stage plays, Ramon is called for a scene in "The Cat and The Fiddle." The scene is the

dressing room of a theatre. Ramon is a composer and one of his pieces is about to be produced.

But all is not well. Frank Conroy, the manager of the theatre where the piece is to play, comes into the dressing room. Ramon is sitting by the door and Charles Butterworth, his secretary, stands by with his customary dead pan.

"Mr. Brioux tells me," Conroy begins, addressing Ramon, "that he is no longer connected with the production. Without his guarantee I must have a week's rent for the theatre—in advance. Ten thousand francs."

"But why?" Ramon asks. "The show's going to be a success."

"Every composer thinks his show will be a huge success," Conroy retorts, "and yet—there are failures."

"Bring me a blank check," Ramon orders suddenly, imperiously.

"You have the money?" Conroy is amazed.

"Of course," Ramon lies.

Conroy looks him over dubiously and then goes to get the check.

"But you haven't got ten thous—," Butterworth begins as soon as Conroy is out of the room.

"If the show is a success," Ramon re-

[Continued on page 65]



# Milord, the Mechanic!



The Technical Men Hold  
the Destinies of the Stars  
in their Hands.

By  
Jeanne de Kolty



Garbo may be aloof to some of us, but she plays on the floor with the cameraman's kids.

Making an Educational Comedy. Junior Coghlan, seventeen year old star; Charles Lamont, Director; Andy Clyde, star; "Bobs" Hoagland, the script girl; Bernard Moore, second cameraman; Dwight Warren, chief cameraman; and at the right, Victor Raby. Victor knows cameras and designs microphones, and he gives advice so inoffensively that even directors consult him.

**B**LACKEN a producer's eye, and you'll get a raise.

Step on a juicer's (electrician's) toe, and you'll lose your job.

Hollywood is a strange town, my lads!

So far as the public is concerned, the movies are made up of producers, stars and directors, and Will Hays. True, every film must have a producer of some sort. But there have been tremendous successes without stars. And a good many persons you never heard of are qualified to direct, if given an opportunity.

Getting down to brass tacks, it is the unknown who makes the movies. Without expert technicians, prop men and grips, there could be no successes.

Some years ago Hollywood was shocked when a male star punched his boss, an equally famous producer, in the eye. The player's contract was about to expire. Other studios, certain the producer would not renew, commenced bidding for the star's services. At that time, this particular star was a box-office sensation. Black eye or no, the producer would not willingly lose so valuable an asset. He not only renewed the star's contract, but gave him a substantial raise!

On the other hand, Frank Fay had all the earmarks of a star. He flopped. Many excuses have been given for Fay's failure in his first and only picture. The truth is yet to be told. Fay apparently considered the crew beneath him. He appeared to scorn sound men and cameramen. His

attitude got Fay thoroughly disliked by his fellow workers whether he intended it or not. Perhaps it did not dawn on him that the enmity of these "underlings" might prove injurious.

Requested to raise his voice for the sound men, Fay is reported to have answered: "Why should I raise my voice? What are these men paid for if not to catch my lines?" The overworked mike man was forced to move his instrument as close to the actor as possible, to record his voice. At the same time, the microphone had to be so placed that it would not cast shadows on the set. Fay absolutely refused to "stand in" while cameramen lined up shots, and he ignored suggestions of the script girl.

Anyone who saw Fay's picture knows the results. In spite of every effort on the part of himself and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay so far has not had another job in the movies.

Unlike her husband, Barbara Stanwyck is the delight of technicians. Naturally sympathetic, she does her utmost to be helpful to those around her. Barbara has

yet to make a poorly lighted or recorded film. Every care is taken in the making of her pictures.

To suggest that inferior work may result from studio feuds is to bring down the wrath of the publicity department on one's head.

"No worker would dare do anything but his best," they explain. "If he did, it would cost his job, to say nothing of his pride."

Nevertheless, a contented crew naturally does better work than a harassed, worried or disgruntled group. Many stars have suffered through their indifference to the "lesser lights" on the set. It stands to reason that one who has proven his merits by years of faithful and satisfactory work will not be fired because of one poor picture.

One might think that a so-called "underling" who deliberately insulted a star would surely lose his job. A classic story of Hollywood involves Catherine Hunter, script girl, and Alice White, star. Miss Hunter is one of Hollywood's best loved script girls. Her helpfulness on sets has resulted in lasting friendships with such stars as John Barrymore and Doris Kenyon.

When Alice White was first promoted from script clerk to star, she went completely "Hollywood." She has since explained that she was scared to death. She

[Continued on page 52]



# I'VE MET THEM ALL—

The Ones I Like—And Why!

By Harriet Parsons

I'VE met them all. From Marlene Dietrich to Mickey Mouse, from Ben Turpin to Bela Lugosi, from Pola Negri

Pete the Pup, not one of 'em has escaped me—or vice versa. Yessir, although she probably doesn't know it, I've been introduced to the Melancholy Bede back in the prehistoric days when she went to parties.

In fact I started being exposed to the famous at the tender age of five, when someone got the weird idea that I could be turned into a child actress. It turned out that I had the temperament and none of the talent.

One unfeeling critic even referred to me as "that wooden child" (meaning, I take it, that I wooden act).

Well, anyway, that's how I hap-



Constance Bennett

ened to become a writer—feeling that it was better to be than be panned. But, while the producers were in the process of finding out that as an actress I was a good hog-caller, I enjoyed the dubious status of baby star at the famous old Essanay studio in Chicago. I was billed as "Baby Parsons" (heaven forgive them) and among my fellow artists at Essanay were Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Wallace Beery (courting Gloria Swanson at the time), Bryant Washburn, and a host of others.

So you see that from babyhood movie stars weren't any novelty to me. In fact some of 'em were a pain in the neck. Some of 'em still are. But in the course of my years in Hollywood I've met a lot of regulars, swell people whose friendship or acquaintanceship I prize. Not because they're movie celebs—but, rather, in spite of that fact.

It wouldn't be possible in one brief story to mention all of them, so I'll pick just a few at random and tell you why I like them. Maybe the ones I omit won't ask me to their parties any more. Maybe on second thought I shouldn't write this

story at all. Still, the rent's due, so here goes. I like—

Billie Dove because she shares my passion for straightening picture frames, cleaning out bureau drawers, and general tidying up. Because when she arrives in a hotel room while traveling, she can't relax till she has every stitch unpacked and hung up. Because she never forgets a friend or betrays a confidence. Because she likes bad puns, good poetry, Frank Sullivan, the Boswell Sisters, whiskey sours, anagrams and staying up all night. Because she has many talents and interests. Because, unlike many beautiful women, she doesn't consider

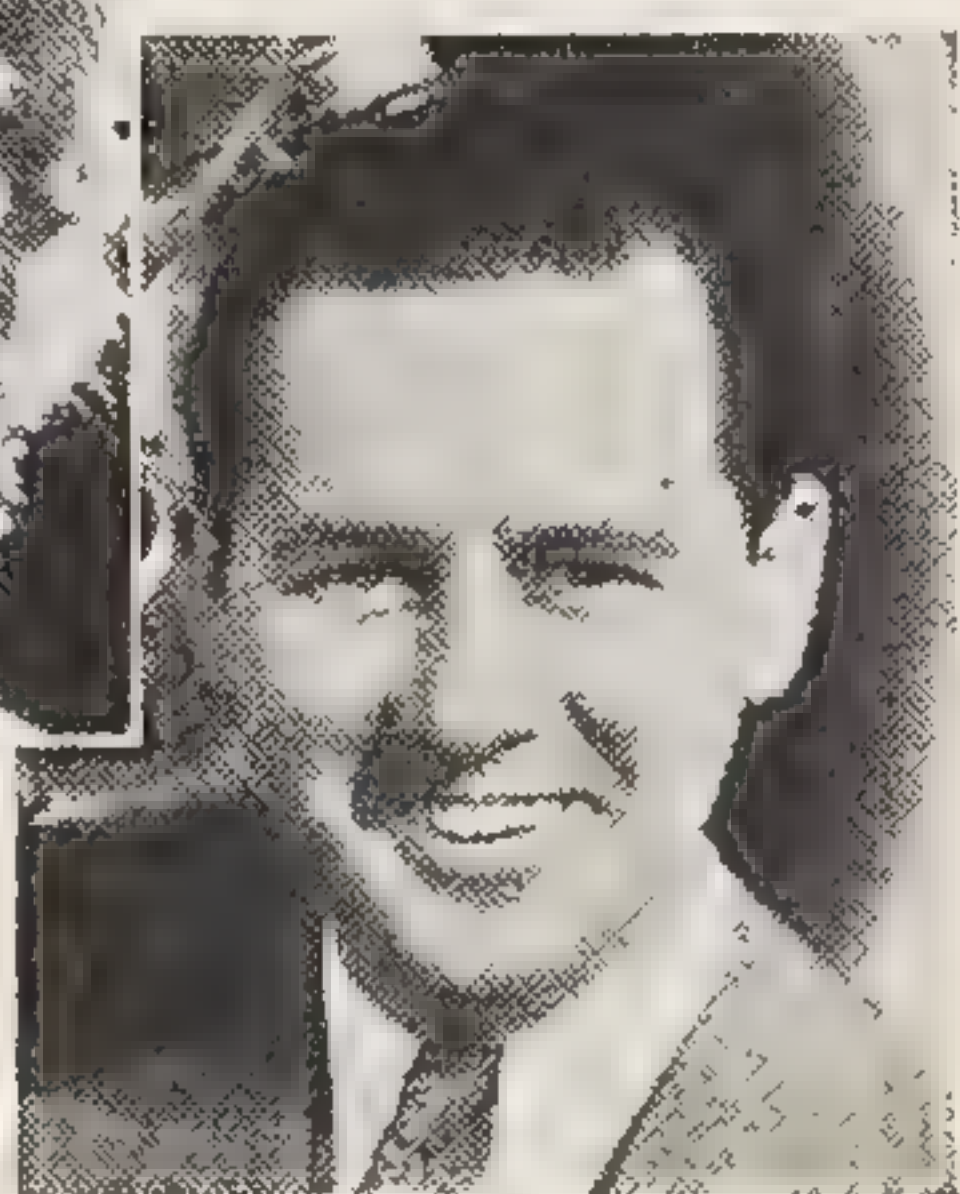
beauty an excuse for dullness.

Bebe Daniels because she has a completely mad sense of humor and makes the world's worst puns. Because, when she took up tennis, she worked like a dog at it. Because, even though she was still a dub, she wasn't afraid to play with the best and took kidding goodnaturedly (from everyone except her husband). Because, after years of being one of the town's most engaged gals and a romantic free lance, she settled down gracefully to married domesticity, but didn't lose her sense of fun in the process. Because she is one of the few stars who has been able to balance a career and matrimony without sacrificing either to the other. And because she is just as interested in her husband's career as in her own.

Ben Lyon because he has a boyish enthusiasm and intensity. Because, whatever he does, from piloting a plane to tak-



Bebe Daniels



Ben Lyon

Gene Raymond



Mary Pickford

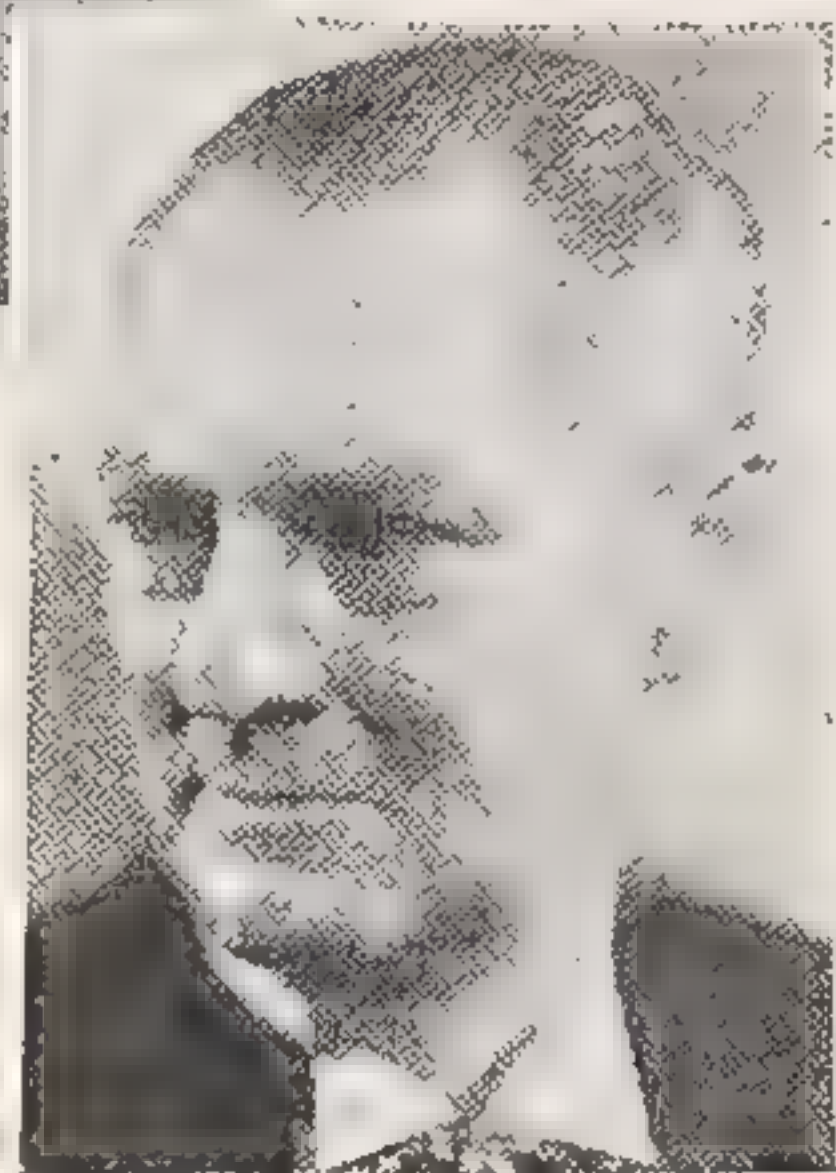


Gary Cooper

Marion Davies



Lionel Barrymore



than Bebe's, he still didn't allow his career to affect marital life.

Sally Eilers because she is a good sport and regular fellow. Because, though she is young enough to take a kiddish delight in her success, she hasn't let it spoil her. Because, when she returned from her recent triumphal tour to Europe, and Hoot and she decided to get a divorce, she didn't take a swanky bachelor apartment or a big house but went back to the modest bedroom in her mother's house which she occupied before her marriage. Because, although she's only a fair tennis player, she goes at the game with such swell spirit that much better players enjoy a match with her. Because she sends the nuttiest telegrams and calls up at odd hours to tell me insane stories. Because, in spite of her own youth, she has given her small step-daughter a maternal love and care which have made the little girl adore her.

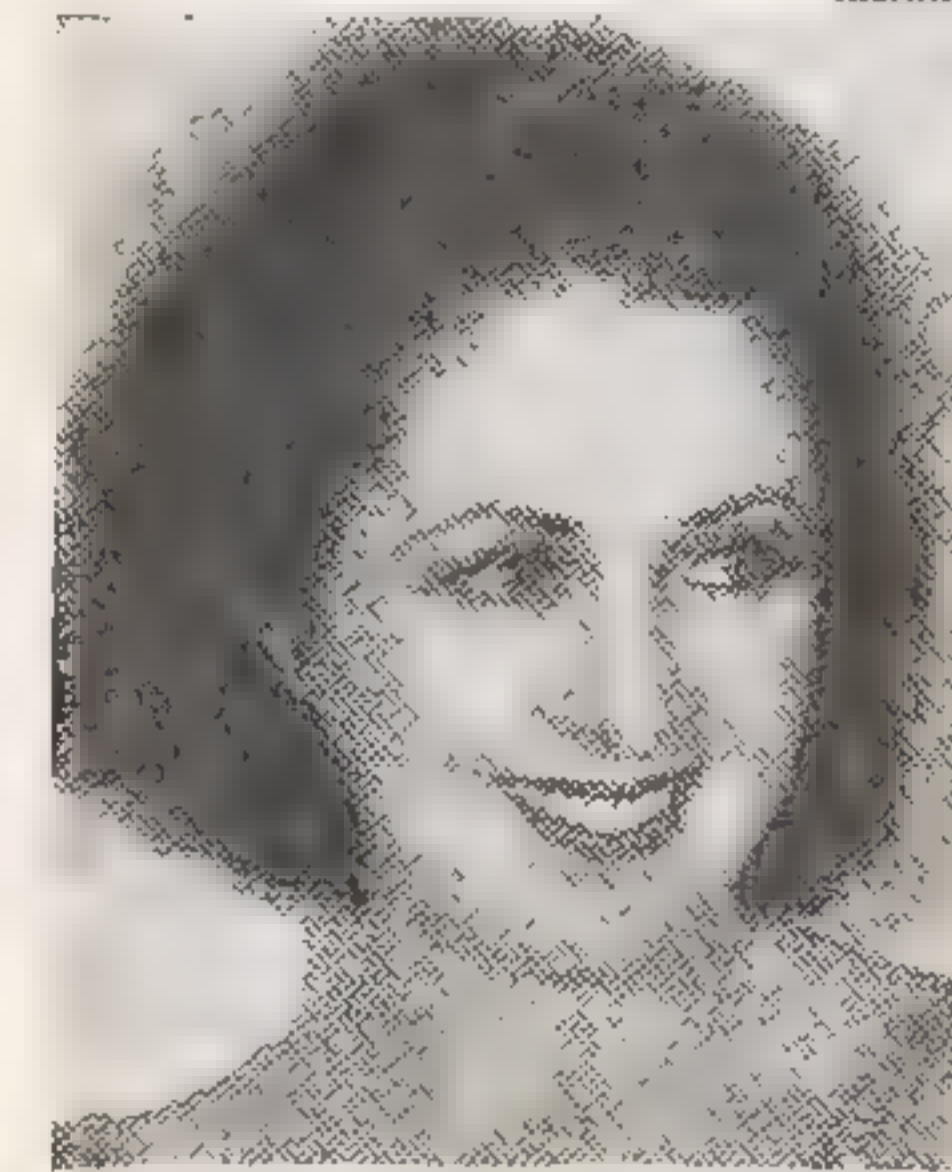
Gene Raymond because he is one of the few romantic juveniles who doesn't feel impelled to play Don Juan in private life. Because he is capable of forgetting that he is an actor and doesn't let



Kay Francis



Wallace Beery



Billie Dove

his film personality intrude itself on his off-screen relations. (Well, hardly ever!) Because, in spite of his good looks and obvious attractiveness, he isn't obsessed with his own sex appeal and doesn't pretend to be on the make for

every woman he meets. Because, on one occasion, when a beautiful blonde went for him openly with man-eater tactics, he couldn't conceal his terror. Because he is devoted and attentive to his charming mother without showing any of the unhealthy symptoms of a mother fixation.

Helen Hayes because once, at a dinner party, when hubby Charles MacArthur broke a glass, she murmured wistfully "That's why we're known as the one-in-vitation MacArthurs." Because, in the midst of hectic, buzzing, 20th century Hollywood she is a still small spot of Victorian charm. Because her madman of a husband is one of my favorite people.

Kay Francis because she is never too busy to give a story to a newspaper or

[Continued on Next Page]



magazine writer. Because when you make an interview appointment with her she gives you her uninterrupted time and attention and doesn't have hairdressers, costume designers, interior decorators or friends bouncing in every two minutes. Because, when she was told, not long ago, that an elderly gentleman who was visiting Hollywood had expressed as his one desire the wish to meet her, she dashed miles from the studio on a particularly hectic day to grant his wish. And vamped him completely!

Gary Cooper because, no matter how immaculately groomed he is in other respects, one stubborn lock of hair always strays from the fold and flops over one eye. Because he has a way of sitting, head bent, elbows on knees, and flashing you a sudden twinkling corner-wise glance, as if he were sharing a very secret joke with you. Because he is so darn tall and lanky and has the sheepish manner of a small boy who has just been caught doing some especially nefarious deed. Because his silences are more companionable than most peoples' chattiest moments. Because, though he's rated as the most attractive guy in Hollywood, and 99% of the town's most gorgeous women have gone for him, he's still a big, goodnatured, unpretentious loogan.

Marion Davies because, though she has met most of the great and near great of the day, has been flattered beyond belief by parasitical "friends" and has everything wealth can buy, she still chooses for her most intimate playfellows people who can't possibly advance her socially or materially. Because she stutters like mad when she gets embarrassed or excited. Because she juggles a mean jig-saw puzzle. Because she gets nervous indigestion every time she looks at a horse, but goes riding with her guests to be a good sport. Because she knows how to laugh.

Dick and Jessie Barthelmess because their home life is conducted with sanity and dignity. Because they're so nice and so much fun.

Norma Talmadge because she has the courage to live her life as she wishes regardless of gossip and criticism. Because she has a grand spirit of play. Because she tells the darnedest stories. Because she once threw me a birthday party from which I'm still recovering. Because she, and sisters Connie and Natalie, constitute one of the most colorful families in film history. Because she and I once discovered suddenly that we've both always had a suppressed desire to drive a car down the Beverly Hills bridle-path and promptly did it.

Lubitsch because humor and intelligence are written all over what you can see of his funny little face behind that big black cigar. Because, though he is swarthy, paunchy and devoid of physical beauty, he has great charm for women (me among them) and they welcome his attentions. Because his reputation as a super-sophisticate and directorial genius has not robbed him of human warmth and kindness.

Mary Pickford because she has all the fine, generous, dignified traits attributed to her. Because, when her divorce broke and press sympathy went entirely to her, she sent for her newspaper friends and begged them not to be too hard on Doug. Because, in spite of her great lady reputation, she is a little "mick" at heart with all the wit, gaiety and conviviality of the Irish. Because she used to long to go swimming in the Pickfair pool at midnight and wouldn't because she was afraid Doug would scold her. Because, though she has been Hollywood's social queen for many years, she is simple, sincere and loyal in



## FIRST STILL

The new cycle in motion pictures, with all our favorites going royal, finds Marlene Dietrich portraying *Catherine the Great*. She is Princess Sophia Frederica, daughter of Prince Christian August (C. Aubrey Smith) and Princess Johanna (Olive Tell.) Later she marries and becomes *Catharine the Great*.

her friendships, which are legion.

Bill Haines because, beneath his rowdy, sometimes unsavory clowning is a sensitive artistic nature. Because he has accepted the waning of his once great screen popularity gamely and has fortified himself with another career. Because, though he makes fun of himself constantly, he is really deeply serious about his new profession of interior decorating. Because, in his less Rabelaisian moments, he is a genial, charming companion, capable of depth of thought and conversation. Because he's such a darn fool.

Connie Bennett because I can't help it. Because, although she has stood me up on interview appointments, and made me madder than blazes, her charm and simplicity always get the better of me when we meet. Because, whether she actually is or not, she always manages to convince me that she's sincere, and her frankness and out-spokenness are qualities which I admire. Because you have to hand it to the gal for the ruthless directness with which she goes after—and gets—whatever she wants.

Lionel Barrymore because his pose of being an old grouch doesn't fool anyone. Because, though he is possessed of a brilliant mind, a fund of knowledge and a variety of talents, there is nothing of the intellectual snob about him. Because he wears his deserved fame and success simply and graciously. Because, though he has a barbed wit and a biting sense of humor, he is tolerant of the ideas and opinions of those less intelligent than he. Because, at the luncheon given to celebrate May Robson's fiftieth anniversary as an actress, when he rose to pay tribute to May he had genuine tears in his eyes. Because he's a darling.

Skeets and Pauline Gallagher because they're swell playfellows, but most of all because I'm in love with their three year old son, the Duke.

Elissa Landi because she hasn't allowed the glamorous business of being a film star to interfere with her writing and has turned out two novels since she has been

in Hollywood. Because, though she doesn't play the social game, she is a charming hostess and on the rare occasions when she gives a party does it with grace and distinction. Because she is one of the best young minds in Hollywood and has the respect of many distinguished intellectuals. Because, in spite of her cool intelligence, she is a warm, human sympathetic companion. Because she loves dogs.

Alison Skipworth because having her as a next door neighbor keeps life from ever being dull. Because she calls me a hussy for wearing slacks and bawls me out for leaving my porch light on all night. Because, though my two yapping dogs and my noisy friends must drive her nearly mad, she hasn't had me arrested for disturbing the peace (yet). Because she is philosophical about her silver Persian's constantly recurring litters of non-Persian kittens and can never bear to part with any of them. Because she's a vital, interesting person and a swell sport. Because, when she gets home unusually early from the studio, she always says gloatingly, "I was a bad girl. They sent me home."

Wallie Beery because he's a big sprawling lovable goof and keeps puppies in the bathtub. Because he once bought a moth-eaten coyote from an itinerant gentleman of uncertain profession and made the mangy beast adore him so, it howled every time he left it alone. Because I love dogs and dogs love Wallie.

I like John Boles and his missus, too, and the Freddie Marches, and Lila Lee and Colleen Moore and Stanley Smith and soft spoken Jimmy Cagney. I like Polly Moran (the blamed fool) and George Blackwood, and Lil Tashman and Eddie Lowe and Lola Lane and Claudette Colbert and Roscoe Karns and Margaret Lindsay. And a whole flock of people whom I'll remember as soon as I put this in the mail. I hope they'll still speak to me.

Some day when I get ready to retire I'm going to write a sequel to this called "The Ones I Don't Like—and Why." And then I'm going back to Iowa to die.



# STARS FOR 1934



## PAUL MUNI

**T**HE tragedy of Time and a Man has been the theme of a number of wonderful pictures lately, and, in "The World Changes," Paul lives a life that certainly points a moral. Since the celebrated "Fugitive" and "Scarface" any picture with Paul Muni is important.

Paul as the  
youthful plains-  
man.



*Elmer Fryer*





JOHNNY  
WEISSMULLER

MAUREEN  
O'SULLIVAN

ONCE more Tarzan roams the wilds and swings from bough to bough. Again his mate is Maureen O'Sullivan, but this time Johnny will find a girl who has tasted success. In "Stage Mother" (below), Maureen showed her ability to carry more than her half of the load—and the reviews. Johnny is now happily married to Lupe Velez, just as you expected.







GINGER ROGERS  
FRED ASTAIRE

**A**N OFF-STAGE shot of Ginger skipping rope, loosening up those twenty-two year old knees for her featured part in "Flying Down to Rio." Fred Astaire takes steps to put over this peppy musical. Below, they are dancing all over the seven pianos while the most beautiful chorus in Hollywood forms a tableau. "Ginger" is an abbreviation of Virginia.

*John Miehle*







Hurrell

## JEAN HARLOW



"**B**OMBSHELL" was delightful. This was Jean's "honeymoon" picture (it's her third marriage) and it received the acclaim of all the critics. Her next will be with Marie Dressler in "Living in a Big Way." It is based on a recent Louis Bromfield short story. "Hardboiled" Jean's scenes with the baby in "Bombshell" were surprising. At left, Jean has the Christmas spirit, and right, the new Mrs. Rosson and her flowers.







MAE WEST



**I**T SEEMS that Mae's great success in "I'm No Angel" is due to the fact that the women of the country, particularly, approve of her. This is easy to understand for Mae makes fools of the men. There never has been such a success, for a first picture, as "She Done Him Wrong," and Mae's second is breaking that record. She is crazy about diamonds and is unmarried. Mae is the daughter of a one-time prizefighter.







Sally Eilers reading the friendly review on "Walls of Gold."



Emmett Schoenbaum



## SALLY EILERS

**S**ALLY is back from making pictures in England and hard at work for Fox. She is married now to Harry Joe Brown, but horseback riding (which she learned to enjoy under the guidance of Hoot Gibson) is still her favorite diversion. Her birthday is right now—December eleventh.





Ann, with Dickie Moore and Otto Kruger, in a sylvan scene from "Gallant Lady."



ANN HARDING  
CLIVE BROOK

**T**HE new producing company, "Twentieth Century Pictures," has made "Gallant Lady." It has Ann in the new mood which followed her divorce, and it is Clive's first since "Cavalcade," which is a tough picture to improve upon.





Louise Fazenda as the White Queen, ready to greet Alice when she comes "Through the Looking-Glass."



Roscoe Ates as the Fish Footman. "There's no use in talking to him," said Alice, "he's perfectly idiotic!"



Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. "Off with their heads," said the Red Queen.

PICTURING—

# Alice's Adventures in Wonderland



Jackie Searle as the Dormouse.







Ford Sterling  
as the White  
King, who  
knows about  
the Bander-  
snatch.



Alison Skipworth  
as the Duchess.  
"If everybody  
minded their own  
business," said  
the Duchess, "the  
world would go  
round a deal  
faster than it  
does."



Sterling Holloway as the Frog.

Charlotte Henry  
as Alice, in Lewis  
Carroll's classic  
story which is  
being made by  
Paramount.



Edward Everett  
Horton as the  
Mad Hatter.  
"Your hair wants  
cutting," said the  
Hatter to Alice.





Clara Bow has the finest eyes on the screen. "Hoopla" is her next.



## CLARA BOW

**C**LARA puts on weight and takes it off again as if it were her ermines. Hints by the "keyhole boys" about Clara's marriage outrage all our ideas of biology. Why wouldn't she make a happy home?





Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Dancing Lady."



*Russell Ball*

## CLARK GABLE

**C**LARK recently returned from the hospital, and it is easy to see from this picture that he had a tough time of it. He's beginning to look more and more like Ronald Colman. "Glad to see you back, young feller!" "Overland Bus" brings him to you soon.





*Ernest A. Bachrach*

**GILBERT ROLAND    CONSTANCE BENNETT (above)**  
They have made "After Tonight" for Radio

**LEE TRACY                      SALLY BLANE (Below)**  
In "Advice to the Lovelorn" Sally resumes her career.







*Ernest A. Bachrach*

SARI MARITZA      ROBERT YOUNG (Below)  
Lovers in "Beautiful."

DOLORES DEL RIO      GENE RAYMOND (above)  
The love interest in "Flying Down to Rio."

*Ernest A. Bachrach*







*Freulich*

**BING CROSBY**

Now with Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood."



**ELISSA LANDI**

"By Candlelight" is her next.



*Russell Ball*

**DOROTHY MACKAILL**

In pictures again.



**TULLIO CARMINATI**

Broadway's gift to "Moulin Rouge."





# KAY FRANCIS

'AS 'EARD THE EAST A'CALLIN'

By Patricia Keats

"On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flying fishes plu-ay—"

"PIPE down, you dopel!" a voice roared right under my nose as I tip-toed onto a stage at the Warner Brothers film factory.

Before I had time to go into a first class gasp of surprise with a dash of bitters, there was a discordant crashing piano chord and the contralto voice that had been gaily caroling Kipling's famous song, choked right in the middle of a good "plu-ay."

I saw then that the irate assistant director (why do assistant directors always have to be irate?) had his eyes directed toward a dim corner, where the leg of a grand piano poked around the edge of a piece of scenery—a bit of old waterfall left over from "Footlight Parade" I think.

"Lay off that piano! We're shooting!" It was the assistant director again.

A smartly coiffed raven black head appeared out of the dimness, and a very meek voice said, "So sorry."

The assistant director's eyes nearly popped out of his head, and an expression of horror swept over his face. I thought surely he must be seeing Frankenstein—but no, it was only Kay Francis.

Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez in  
"Mandalay," a story of romance in  
Rangoon.

"Oh, Miss Francis, I—I—I didn't know it was you," he stuttered. "I'm—I'm awfully—"

"Forget it," said Kay with a grin. "I'm used to being shushed when I break out in song. Why I've been shushed out of the best places in Hollywood."

Contrite at having bawled out the star, the assistant director backed away—and into a nice fat Buddha—still apologizing, until the sound recorder dived out of his booth to tell Director Curtiz that he couldn't be expected to catch dialogue if someone on the set was talking when the camera was on. And was the assistant director's face red? And did I laugh? But it was all in the day's work with Director Michael Curtiz, who continued philosophically on his way about making a box office best seller out of "Mandalay." Curtiz has the reputation of being a director who takes his time—never

hurries himself or his actors. The best crack about him was pulled by John Barrymore, who dropped in to see the Marathon dancers one night about the end of the endurance test, took a glance at the fairly stagnant couples and cracked, "Why they're being directed by Curtiz."

I never saw Kay so exotically charming as she was that day. She wore a glove-fitting silver gown that didn't spare the details—and such interesting details.

"I'm supposed to be White Spot from a hot spot in Rangoon," Kay explained. "I'm the principal reason why men leave home—and stay away. And this is supposed to be the most notorious night club in Rangoon," she went on, pointing out the colorful Oriental motifs of a huge café set. "And regardez the bar. Wouldn't the Vendome like to have that little number for its next costume party?"

"Is it authentic?" I asked. With all the questions in the world to ask, why do I always pick out such stupid ones? I think it's because when I was in school the idea was to ask the teacher so many questions that she wouldn't get around to asking us any.

"I don't [Cont. on page 63]

*All the Kay Francis fans will be on the  
road to "Mandalay."*



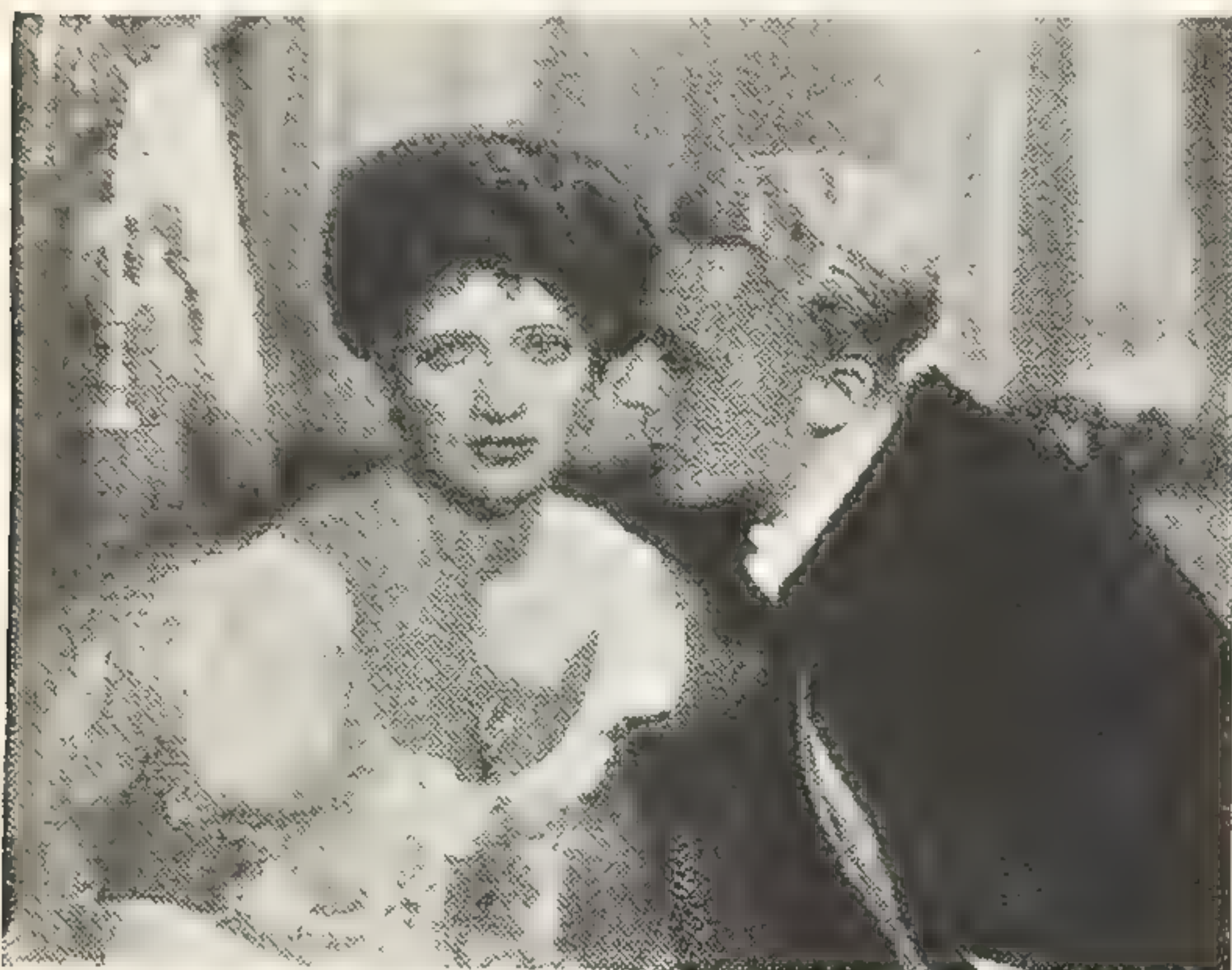
# REVIEWS

# OF PICTURES SEEN ~

## THE HOUSE ON 56th STREET

Rating: TREMENDOUSLY IMPRESSIVE—  
Warners

KAY FRANCIS'S new picture is really something to get all excited over, for it has a dramatic dignity and effectiveness that will leave you awed and subdued. "I want you to live here—always," says Gene Raymond to his lovely blushing bride (Kay) as he shows her their new home on East 56th street, New York City late in the fall of 1905. "Always" murmurs Kay—and you feel that grim Fate is listening, and that "Always" is inevitable.



Kay Francis and Gene Raymond.

They are oh-so-happy there in their imposing 56th street mansion, and a little girl is born to them. Kay, an ex-chorus girl, has never been so happy. Then, one day, she meets again John Halliday, a wealthy admirer, whom she went with before she married Gene. The old lover, bitter because he has lost Kay forever and because his doctor has just told him he can only live six months, commits suicide when Kay refuses to return to him. Bewildered, Kay picks up the gun—and for that she spends twenty years in prison. Gene is killed in the war and her little girl goes to her grandmother.

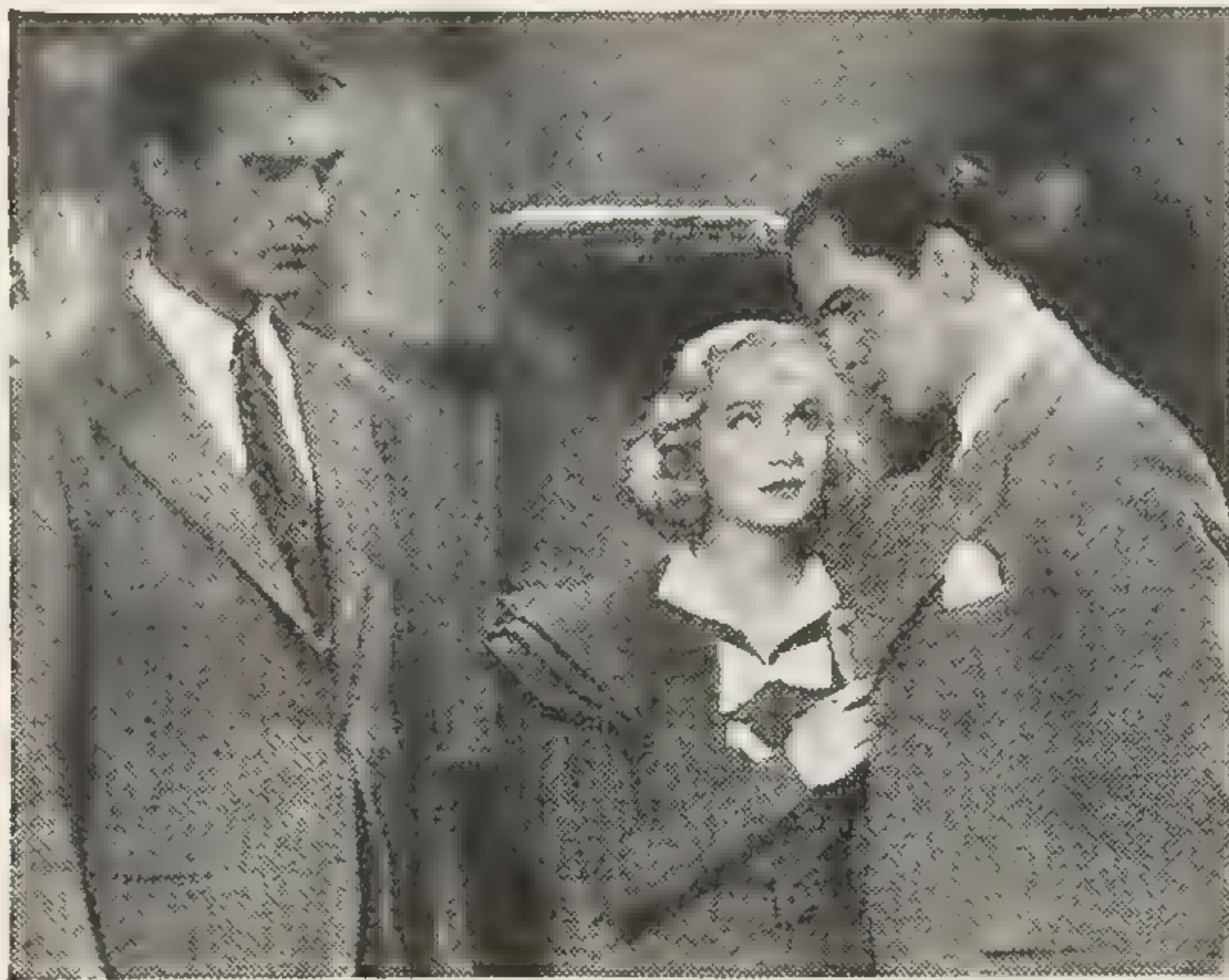
Released at last Kay meets Ricardo Cortez on an ocean liner, and they become professional gamblers. He brings her back to America where she is publicized as the only woman "black jack" dealer in New York. And the swanky speakeasy where she is employed is—the house on 56th street. Of course it is inevitable that her daughter comes there one evening, gambles too much, and kills Cortez when he threatens to tell her husband of the I.O.U.'s. Kay takes the blame, but William Boyd, the club owner, protects her—"I want you to stay here—always," he says. For swell acting and a good dramatic and logical story you mustn't miss this one.

## DESIGN FOR LIVING

Rating: SOPHISTICATED FROTH THAT SATISFIES—Paramount

YOU never saw three such charming and delightfully mad—oh divinely mad—young Bohemians as Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper and Freddie March. They meet on the way to Paris, traveling third class, and the famous three-cornered friendship begins. Miriam is a commercial artist, Gary is a struggling young painter, and Freddie has a swell collection of unsold manuscripts.

Miriam decides to become a "mother of



Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and  
Freddie March.

the arts," so she moves in with Gary and Freddie and soon makes artistic successes out of both of them. They live "without sex," believe it or not, until Freddie has to go to London to produce his play. With the triangle broken Miriam and Gary can no longer resist falling in love with each other, so everything's quite hotsy totsy until Freddie arrives in Paris unexpectedly and finds Gary away in Rome doing a portrait. So-o-o-o, he and Miriam fall in love. Gary returns unannounced and what a scene, what a scene!

Miriam decides after this that she is weary of the arts and of successful Bohemians, so she marries Edward Everett Horton, who used to be her boss and who has loved her for a long time. Horton takes his bride to America and introduces her to his advertising clients, whom she finds very dull. Of course Gary and Freddie show up eventually and Miriam slips on a mink coat and departs with them—they're off to Paris and the arts again.

You'll find this slightly naughty comedy crammed full of those fascinatingly wicked Lubitsch touches. Gary Cooper shows a flair for comedy, which we never suspected before, and you'll be more crazy about him than ever when you see him sprawled out on the floor or popping his head over screens. Miriam and Freddie and Edward Horton are at their best. Even if you don't like the sophisticated, you ought to take a chance on this.

## A MAN'S CASTLE

Rating: LOVELY OVERTONES AND UNDERTONES AND SHADES OF SEVENTH HEAVEN—Columbia

HERE'S one of those pictures that bring out the sentimental in you no matter how hard you try to be a stony-hearted old so-and-so. But you just can't resist the beauty and pathos of a poignantly human romance of two young people. You cooed and smiled, you old sentimentalist, over Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, and now you'll coo and smile over Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy. Theirs is the simple romance of an uncivilized and irresponsible man, whose god is freedom, and a sweet young girl whose instinctive wisdom is as old as sex itself.

The plot is so simple it hardly need be told, but from the moment Spencer picks Loretta up in the Park, where she is faint with hunger, and takes her with him to his little shack in Shanty Town, you are spell-bound by the whimsical loveliness of

it. Loretta has never given such a brilliantly sincere and beautiful performance before, and well may she be proud of her "Trina." Spencer's blustering, awkward "Bill" is so realistic that you forget completely that he is acting. Walter Connolly, as the ex-minister turned night watchman, Arthur Hohl, as the nasty hypocritical Bragg, Glenda Farrell, as the night club lady who did her best to get Spencer, and Marjorie Rambeau, as the gin-sodden faded lady who saw her duty and did it, make up the most perfect cast that you



Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

have ever seen. Not a flaw to be found anywhere. Director Frank Borzage, Loretta, Spencer, and the rest of the cast may take a bow—two bows in fact.

## FROM HEADQUARTERS

Rating: GRAND MYSTERY WITH A DASH OF TECHNICAL DETAILS—Warner Bros.

"BEHIND the scenes" in a murder mystery—and it's lots more fun than being on the outside looking in. Almost the entire action takes place at police headquarters, and it's very interesting to see the finger experts and the doctor who "loves a beautiful murder" doing their stuff.

The story's about a rich no-good club man, with a couple of little side-lines, who gets shot in his apartment one night. Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Theodore Newton, Ken Murray and Robert Barrat are among the suspect-ees, but every



George Brent, Margaret Lindsay and  
Eugene Pallette.

time you think you've got it solved, Lieutenant George Brent from headquarters proves you're wrong. Eugene Pallette, as a dumb cluck of a sergeant, and Hugh Herbert, as a bail salesman, are right there with the comedy. A fast-moving, highly entertaining picture.



**THE INVISIBLE MAN**

Rating: SHIVERS, SMILES AND APPLAUSE—  
*Universal*

SOMETHING new in horror pictures—a horror comedy. You won't go home and have nightmares after this, the way you did after "Frankenstein" and "Dracula"—but the horror and the mystery are there just the same.

A handsome young scientist discovers a way of making himself invisible, and right there before your startled eyes off goes his head into thin atmosphere, followed gradually by the rest of his body, until nothing's left but a voice. Gr-r-r-r. But the



Henry Travers and Gloria Stuart.

scientist is unable to find the right chemicals to bring him back his visibility and, in the meantime, goes insane with mad delusions of grandeur. He must kill—kill—kill—How will they catch him? How indeed?

Claude Rains plays the Invisible Man, but only once do you see his face. Gloria Stuart is his girl, who sticks to him to the end. William Harrigan is his friend, who betrays him. Also in the splendid cast are Una O'Connor, Dudley Digges and Henry Travers.

**HAVANA WIDOWS**

Rating: VERY, VERY GAY—*Warners*

A DOWNRIGHT funny comedy with not a brain fatigue in a reel. And introducing a most riotous comedy team—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. Joan and Glenda play a couple of gold-diggers who go to Havana to land themselves a couple of millionaires. The troubles they have



Joan Blondell and Lyle Talbot.

trying to locate one, even involving the entire police and military force of Havana, make for more furious and hectic fun than you've seen since Gloria Swanson went arty.

Guy Kibbee plays the unfortunate millionaire, who finally gets hooked by the gals; Lyle Talbot is his son who falls for Joan; Frank McHugh is a scheming, drunken lawyer—and to add to the fun there's Maude Eburne, Ruth Donnelly and Allen Jenkins. Such a grand bunch of comics can't be wrong.

**THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY**

Rating: A KNOCKOUT—*M-G-M*

A CLASSIC of a picture that has everything in it to entertain you, from heavyweight champions to a swell story. Of course some folks would be tickled pink just to see Primo Carnera, the heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Dempsey, the former holder of the title, and Max Baer, the contender to the throne—but besides the Big Three there are Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger and Walter Huston acting better than ever before in a story that's a honey.

The depression is over—good times are here again. And what a surprise Max Baer turns out to be! Why the boy can act as well as fight and, as the punch drunk runner-up for champ honors in the picture, he's simply grand. And how the ladies love him. Myrna Loy, as the night club singer who falls in love with the disarming Max and turns down her racketeer sweetheart, has never been more sincere or genuine—nor more beautiful, we might add.



Max Baer and Myrna Loy.

Otto Kruger, as the soft-spoken gangster who lets Max walk off with his girl, almost steals the picture. And then there's Walter Huston playing the "Professor" who has waited twenty years to pick a winner. Oh, it's all too good to be true. And just in case somebody might be disappointed, nice Director Van Dyke has put a dance sequence in it in which Max and several dozen tasty morsels do a "going to town" that's a knock-out.

**CRADLE SONG**

Rating: BEAUTIFULLY SINCERE AND SYMPATHETIC—*Paramount*

THE famous Dorothea Wieck (pronounced Veek) of "Maedchen in Uniform" makes her American debut in this



Evelyn Venable and Dorothea Wieck.

picture, and again you are privileged to behold the most beautiful eyes produced in Europe. But—if you like action, suspense, and a tasty little murder on the side, this picture is not for the likes of you. For its very slowness and simplicity is its beauty. Dorothea, as a young girl, enters a Catholic Convent and strives to overcome her longing for the outside world and her desire for motherhood. With the other nuns she raises a little waif who has been deserted on the steps of the convent, but in the end she must even renounce her love for the child, now grown, who wants the pleasures of the world and happiness in marriage. Louise Dresser and Sir Guy Standing are splendid. Evelyn Venable is the "daughter" and Kent Taylor her young sweetheart.

**WHITE WOMAN**

Rating: CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE—*Paramount*

THE chief interest in this picture is none other than our old friend Charlie Laughton, who has been over in England these many months. Charlie gives another of his superb performances in this opus, which, outside of the Laughton and the scenery, is really nothing to get excited about.

Once more we find ourselves east of Suez and west of goodness knows where, and Carole Lombard, so beautiful and so slim, is singing in a honkytonk. She has been blamed for her husband's suicide, and the English governor has just asked her to vacate. Along comes Charlie, playing Horace Prin, the River-King. He owns a lot of land in the interior and there's a lot of unsavory gossip about him. Not caring much about anything any more, Carole marries him and goes to live on his riverboat down among the crocodiles.



Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard.

Here she meets his foreman, Kent Taylor, and falls in love. Charlie Bickford shows up just in time for a good old native uprising, and helps the young folks escape. He stays behind to play poker with Charlie while the natives do their stuff.

**HOOPLA**

Rating: HOT-CHA-CHA!—*Fox*

CLARA, where's your fan? This time Clara plays a tough carnival hip-tosser (and baby, can she toss 'em) who agrees to vamp a naive, wholesome young boy—who's visiting his old man at the tent show—for the simple sum of a hundred bucks. Clara does her stuff, even to pulling off her clothes and going in swimming in her altogether, but, just when she's got him all vamped, she decides she's a bad girl and is really in love with the nice boy and she isn't going to be bad any more. Aw shucks! But wait—even if she is a good girl now it doesn't mean that Clara has to put on a Mother Hubbard and start light housekeeping in a kitchenette. Not Clara.





Clara Bow and Richard Cromwell.

In order that her husband can continue to study law, she goes to Chicago and does a snake-hips number at the Century of Progress that would make Sally Rand blush. Just in case you haven't guessed it, this is "The Barker" again, with Clara playing the famous "Lou" rôle that has done right well by Claudette Colbert and Dorothy Mackaill in the past. This time Dick Cromwell plays exceptionally well the part of young Chris—which was done before by Norman Foster and Doug Jr. Preston Foster is "the barker," and Minna Gombell, his hard-boiled girl friend.

### CHRISTOPHER BEAN

Rating: NICE AND HOMEY—M-G-M

**Y**OU'LL like Marie Dressler's latest picture. It's as homey and folksy as a family bible, with just enough of the right kind of humor. Marie plays a servant (remember "Emma"?), in a small town New England family, and she plays it with a dignity and a charm that will further convince you that she is a great actress. Lionel

Barrymore again plays a country doctor with a horrible, nagging wife and two marriageable daughters.

The neat and pleasant little plot revolves around the paintings left in the family attic many years ago by a struggling young artist named Christopher Bean—and who, years after his death, is "discovered." Of course,



Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore and Jean Hersholt.

Marie turns out to be Chris's wife—and that spoils the plans of Lionel and his avaricious wife. The supporting cast is splendid—including Beulah Bondi as the wife, and Helen Mack as the daughter who manages to marry the man she loves—thanks to Marie.

### ONLY YESTERDAY

Rating: A LAUGH AND A TEAR AND EXCELLENTLY DONE—Universal

**T**HIS picture introduces a new screen star—Margaret Sullavan—who is scheduled for big things in the cinema world, so we hope you like her. She gives a rich, sincere and beautifully sympathetic performance, and her ill-fated "Mary Lane" will haunt you for many a day. If the old heart-strings



Margaret Sullavan and John Boles.

fairly broke when you saw "Back Street," just wait until you see Miss Sullavan say goodbye to life and her little son in "Only Yesterday." You'll simply bawl.

The story begins on that famous day in October, 1929, when the stock market crashed, and handsome John Boles, a bit grey around the edges, just can't face things any more. He can hear the careless, inconsequential chatter of his foolish, flighty wife, Benita Hume, and her artificial friends in the next room. John reaches for his revolver, but just then he notices a letter on his desk—a letter from a "Mary Lane" who died the day before . . . a girl he knew for only one night a long time ago. Then a flashback—and you'll see one of the most beautiful love stories ever filmed.

There is an immense cast, with a lot of favorites like Edna Mae Oliver playing only small parts. Besides Margaret Sullavan and John Boles the important rôles are played by Billie Burke, Reginald Denny and little Jimmy Butler. We guarantee you'll like it—even if you don't go for that "tear stuff."

## Milord, the Mechanic [Continued from page 28]

was so awed by her sudden rise, she didn't know how to act. The crew, of course, could not be expected to know this. She became decidedly irksome to those who, a few weeks previous, had known her as a mere "scrippy." Catherine Hunter held script on Alice's first pictures. She stood the gaff as long as she could. Then she lost patience. She grabbed Alice by the shoulders, turned her around, and heartily kicked her exactly in the middle of the posterior! Did Kitty lose her job? I should say not! Years of splendid work had proven her value to the studio. Even the little White later admitted that the kick was probably deserved. She and Catherine Hunter are now fast friends.

A film studio is like a huge machine. One weak cog, and disaster may result. Bad lighting, faulty sound, a poor hairdresser or makeup man may prove the downfall of an actor.

Wise is the friendly star; for he will always receive gentle treatment at the hands of his co-workers. Many stories are told of stars who insist upon having their own cameramen. You have probably heard that Garbo has never worked without Bill Daniels at the camera since she became a star. Either Bill turns the crank, or Garbo "tank she go home." The magnificent Swede may snub executives, but she plays on the floor with Bill Daniels' children!

An extra who worked in "Grand Hotel" tells this one. An elderly, frail prop man was scrubbing the floor of the lobby set. Garbo accidentally kicked over his pail of

dirty, soapy water. The man shrank back in terror, lest she have him fired for getting in her way. Instead, Garbo laughed at his frightened apologies. She admitted that she was at fault, and knelt down to help repair the damage. No wonder Garbo films are successful! However she treats her equals, she is always kind to those in inferior positions.

That little pagan, Lupe Velez, is the pet of any set she works on. Often Lupe is unkind; but it is the unkindness of thoughtlessness, and never deliberate. Many times I have seen Lupe dance an impromptu rhumba or sing a Cuban ballad at midnight, to cheer up the boys who are exhausted by a hard day's work. During the production of a Universal film, Les Heideman had a birthday. Les is a prop man. He has been at Universal for years. Without him, the studio would be like a cake without icing. How Lupe found out about the birthday remains a mystery. At any rate, she decided that a birthday of Les Heideman warranted a celebration. That evening she danced onto the set with a huge bottle of finest pre-war liquor, all wrapped in shining tinsel, for the prop man.

Since her entry into pictures, Clara Bow always insists upon having the same hairdresser. Phil Rosen will not have a woman script clerk unless he can have Connie Earle. When he directed the tremendously successful "Devil's Brother" for Monogram studios, he held up production several days on all sorts of pretexts until Connie was free to work with him. At Educa-

tional, Victor Raby is ace high. Educational directors weep when Raby, a technician, is too busy to work on their pictures.

The importance of technicians was more than obvious during the recent studio strikes. Inexperienced outsiders replaced the skilled men who were out on strike. Thousands of feet of film were retaken because of poor photography or sound, and many expensive hours were wasted. The now famous microphone which hit Ruth Chatterton was due to a "green" sound man. Miss Chatterton was working on a scene in which she rose from a sitting position. As she stood up, the microphone was to be raised. The mike man, unfamiliar with his equipment, neglected to raise the instrument. Miss Chatterton hit it with the top of her head as she rose.

A striking example of the importance of the sound man is the case of John Gilbert. In his first sound picture, Gilbert's voice recorded like that of a frightened baby girl. It nearly ruined the star's career. Since then, sound equipment has been improved, and sound men have learned a great deal about their business. John Gilbert is now making a successful comeback. With the aid of an expert sound mixer, and careful work, his voice has been lowered several tones.

If you plan on breaking into the movies, remember and respect the crew. Do what you will to stars and directors; they may think you cute. But with technicians, beware. They can make you, or ruin you forever!



## The One Genius in Pictures

[Continued from page 23]

Frances Marion very definitely at the head.

In the first place, consistency is a strong factor of greatness. While Frances Marion is still young, there isn't a star on the screen today, who holds a big position, who was at the top when little Frances Marion, still in her 'teens, began writing stories.

She wrote "The Foundling" for Mary Pickford—the picture which actually began the great career of America's Sweetheart. I think she got \$125 for the original story and a complete script. Today she is doing the screen adaptation of "The Good Earth," probably the most prized (and most difficult) assignment in this year's list. And the price she is getting for it would have paid the entire production cost of "The Foundling," including Mary's salary.

To understand the great position that Frances Marion occupies in Hollywood, the great achievement that is hers, it is necessary to understand something about the motion picture industry's attitude toward writers and stories.

Now, you have probably read a good many tales about writers in Hollywood, how badly they are treated, how little chance they get to express themselves, how important writers have been engaged and then completely forgotten.

Most of that is boloney. About ninety per cent of it is written by disgruntled authors who didn't make the grade, who found the difficulties of writing for the screen a little too much for them. I have been on the same lot with writers who wrote very, very nasty pieces about Hollywood after they left, and in every case but one the stuff they wrote while at the studio was pretty terrible.

The truth of the matter is that writers today are so important to the screen, that a writer who can deliver can write his own ticket, within reasonable limitations. There just aren't enough good stories to fill the need. (You may have noticed that in attending pictures.) The demand for stories that will make good screen plays is simply terrific, greater than it has ever been. Everywhere you go, it's the same cry. "Have you got a story for Constance Bennett? Have you got a story for Norma Shearer?" Companies are held up, overhead gets bigger and bigger, producers go mad, stars weep—looking for stories. They clutch at a bare idea and spend months, even years, trying to get a real yarn out of it. For instance, I see by the papers this morning that Paramount already has \$200,000 invested in trying to get a screen story they can shoot from the book "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That isn't waste, either. It's sheer desperation.

When you consider that in a good season, the New York theater is lucky to get 40 good plays, 20 successes and five great hits, you realize what it means when Hollywood must have hundreds and hundreds of stories every year.

Maybe you don't know it, but studios have men in every part of the world looking for stories. Huge departments search for old material, read old magazines, translate plays and books from every language, including Eskimo.

Searching for stories is the motion picture studio's greatest and most difficult problem. Without good stories stars can't twinkle and producers can't make money.

SO, when a young woman can quietly and without any fuss, turn out such stories as "The Champ" and "Emma" and "Min and Bill" and "The Big House" and "Blondie of the Follies," you can imagine

what she means to a frantic motion picture producer.

There is another thing about Frances Marion that adds to her merits, both publicly and, in my estimation, privately.

It has always been the fashion to hand credit for making stars to directors—Griffith and Cecil DeMille, and more recently Ernst Lubitsch.

But Frances Marion has been a star maker *de luxe* ever since she started.

It isn't the slightest exaggeration to say that without Frances Marion there would



The "Wild Birds" Company has been on a trip to the Mother Lode country to obtain atmosphere. In the story Jean Parker and Tom Brown are drudges, who love one another, and ZaSu Pitts is the daughter of a half wit.



have been no Mary Pickford. To bring it up to date, there isn't any question in the minds of folks who know the inside of these things that without Frances there would never have been the great Marie Dressler of today. In both cases, it was Frances' stories which gave these two an opportunity to play parts which achieved greatness. Frances has a great gift for suiting a story to a particular star's talents; in fact I don't know anyone who can do it so well.

Frances wrote thirteen stories for Mary Pickford. Everyone of them were box office smashes. Never, after they separated, did

Mary Pickford touch the high water mark of those productions, which made her the greatest figure the motion picture business has ever known.

It was Frances Marion who persuaded Marie to come to Hollywood and give pictures a trial. And she wrote the part of "Marty" in "Anna Christie" exactly to suit Dressler, though no one else believed Marie could play it. In "The Champ" and "Min and Bill" she gave Wally Beery rôles that certainly made him a star.

That's why Frances is popular with every actor and actress, as well as with every producer.

Twice she has won the medal given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best original story of the year. The last time she beat a story of my own called "What Price Hollywood"—but the Academy was right and I knew it and, though Frances was quite upset about it, I wasn't.

Always about her work there is a great and simple and vital humanity. She takes fundamentals, fundamental emotions and people who are so real that you laugh and love and suffer with them. She is never fooled and never swept off the track by fads and fancies, so-called "cycles of public taste," by styles and backgrounds. She tells a great, honest, emotional story and tells it with human touches and dynamic situations. It has not been the custom to recognize motion pictures as an art, but when it becomes so Frances Marion will be considered one of the greatest artists this country has produced.

But it isn't only as a writer that Frances achieves greatness.

Little Frances Marion Ownes, the prettiest girl in San Francisco, wanted to be a painter. I remember when my father first met her—she was about fifteen then—he said to me, "That girl has genius. She'll do something."

She didn't become a painter, because before she got a chance to go to Europe and study, she started to make her own living. But for a couple of years she did all the art work for a big advertising firm in California, and all the posters and twenty-four sheets for the biggest theatrical managers on the coast. She still paints and draws exquisite sketches of her two handsome sons and of her friends.

She is a magnificent musician. When you go to Frances' home, you are apt to be greeted at the door by the glorious strains of a Beethoven sonata or a Liszt rhapsody. With practice and concentration, she would be a concert pianist of the first rank.

Last winter, to give herself a change, she did a radio program under another name. It consisted of imitations of all the radio's best crooners—Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Ruth Etting and Rudy Vallee. It was such a hit that a big manufacturing concern offered her a fine salary to repeat it on their program this year.

AND, she is the best cook I have ever known.

Socially, she doesn't go out much. She doesn't have time. But she loves small gatherings of a few friends, and is one of the most brilliant and one of the wittiest talkers I have ever known. The last evening of my most recent visit to Hollywood, Frances and I went to dine with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. We sat until the wee small hours and it was an evening I shall not soon forget.

Work, hard work, is Frances' explanation of her success. Of course that isn't the



only thing. But she does work as hard as anyone I have ever known. She writes in bed, as a rule, with a pencil, keeps two secretaries busy and can go on for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch. She wrote the entire script of Mary Pickford's greatest success, "Stella Maris," in 18 hours.

But I think the greatest thing about Frances is her whole-hearted and never-failing assistance and support of others, in her own game or in any field of artistic endeavor. Not only with financial aid but with her great knowledge and experience, she is willing to give a hand to any one who is making a try at any sort of creative work.

I used to call her house the Frances Marion Employment Agency. At one time we used to lunch together two or three times a week. I never went there that I didn't find Frances on the telephone, passionately pleading with somebody to give somebody else a job.

I remember going to her house one morning for breakfast, to tell her about a jam I was in with the ending of a picture I was working on. Her secretary told me that she'd been working all night. When I went up to her lovely bedroom, I found her sitting up in bed, wrapped in a pale green velvet dressing gown, animated and dynamic, showing a struggling young scenario writer how to get around a certain difficult shot in her story.

Several times she has given credit to someone who has assisted her on a story,

where it wasn't necessary, and where no one else would have done it, and where the producer objected violently.

Last year she brought a young girl from Germany, a fine pianist, and for a year gave the girl every advantage and every help, keeping her in her own house, paying for lessons, giving her hours to practice.

Instead of going to Europe for a vacation this summer, she stayed home and wrote a book of short stories. They are splendid.

And, with it all, she always has time for the two little boys, Freddie and Billy. The worship they give their mother is very beautiful to see. The great sorrow of her life, the sudden death of her husband, Fred Thompson, world's champion athlete and western star, left her prostrated for a time, but now she keeps only a beautiful memory, that enriches rather than destroys her life and work and happiness.

The thing about Frances that, to me at least, is always outstanding, is her unflinching interest in everything and everybody. She is always excited about something. She is never bored with anyone. She takes every tragedy in the newspapers as though it were her own. I remember one mine disaster, when a number of miners were trapped underground, and Frances didn't go to bed for two days, waiting for news. She didn't know any of the miners—it was just her deep sympathy and close feeling for all humanity.

There just isn't anyone like her.

Because she and Peg Talmadge loved

each other dearly, perhaps it won't be out of place to tell here something very touching that happened to me the other night, something that any of you who have been reading my stories about Hollywood's great women may find personal to yourselves.

The first of this series, as you may remember, was a story about Peg Talmadge, the mother of Hollywood.

Norma Talmadge came out to have dinner with me a couple of nights ago.

"I wanted you to know," she said, "that the last thing Peg read before she died, was your story in SILVER SCREEN. It was one of the last things she talked about. She looked at Constance and Natalie and me with that twinkle of hers and said 'I want you girls to read this. Maybe you'll have some respect for me after that.' And she kept the book beside her in the hospital during those last days. It made her very, very happy."

And I thought that might make all of us very happy, too, to know that we—I as a writer, you as the readers who made it possible for me to write that story—had brought sunshine into the last days of a really great woman—Peg Talmadge.

Next to her own daughters, Peg loved Frances Marion. Not because Frances was a great success, a famous and important person in Hollywood. But because, as she once said to me, "Frances has an all-encompassing love for humanity. She understands. That's what makes her a great writer."

## "Foolish With Their Money" [Continued from page 19]

miles on it—"

Seven thousand dollars for an \$18,000 car. My heart sank. After all, it wasn't a bit of the old Hollywood, after all. But a proof of the new. It was just one more good, sound, shrewd, careful investment instead of the reckless impulse of a loveable, reckless nature—Lupe's.

After Lupe and Johnny had gone, I sat down and faced this new Hollywood—where you begin to hear that clink, clink, clink of metal upon metal in each, single conversation. And as I faced "it," I remembered Hollywood as I had known it before money began to become important. When there was so much money that no

one gave it any consideration. Memories floated across my mind exactly as though I were seeing them in a motion picture . . .

My first visit to Corinne Griffith's home when she was a Movie Queen collecting more than \$10,000 weekly. Her bathroom! The ceiling was shirred in heavy, pale pink satin. The fixtures were draped with the same—even to that most unmentionable of bathroom fixtures, *padded with satin*. I stood in that bathroom and gasped and gaped. I was thrilled. More thrilled than when I had visited the ancient castles of Europe. For this was a *modern castle*. It was the shrine for a delicate Queen—an *orchid lady* . . .

And my first, big Hollywood dinner party, given by a prominent scenario writer at a fashionable polo club. Two hundred guests. Producers, directors, stars and writers. Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer heading the table. All sitting according to Hollywood's feudal seating system. Producers at the head, the honor place; stars next; directors and writers. You could tell exactly who was the *most* important and who was next and next by the way they were placed at the table. And the food! Hors d'oeuvres stacked high on immense silver platters. Imported caviar. Numerous kinds of cocktails. Then—eight courses. With squabs under glass. And fish brought in—whole fish, packed in ice. Champagne! I remember that I went home and tried to figure the cost. I couldn't. I didn't know what caviar cost; or squabs under glass or champagne under prohibition. I learned later that the party cost more than \$3000.

Then came a mental picture of Bill Haines' dinner party, with the tables banked with orchids. The orchids, alone, were said to total more than \$10,000.

And I chanced to be in Harold Lloyd's home after he had installed the magnificent pipe organ. The largest in any private home in the world. I listened to its rich, sonorous tones pour through those forty huge rooms and imagined that I was in another world and that I had a house



FIRST STILL. In her second picture, "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," Dorothea Wieck and Baby LeRoy will divide honors.



like that with a pipe organ. And I also imagined that I could play it as well as Harold did. Mildred Lloyd, his wife, let me run the elevator up and down. The first I had seen in a private home. I was a grown woman. But I forgot that. I felt like a kid and had that oh-and-ah feeling, such as I hadn't felt it since my daddy first took me to see Ringling Brothers circus . . .

Then came a flash of that night when I had been in my room at the Roosevelt hotel and a young, lithesome, beautiful bit player had burst in to show me a check for \$10,000 that Tom Mix had given her. "I—I—he was at the same party I was. He just heard that I'd been ill and out of work and wrote this out. I don't think he even knows my name. Do you think I dare take it? Did he mean what he said—there are no strings tied to this present?"

Of course, he meant it. That check was characteristic of the Tom Mix of that day, and it was less than the amount of his weekly salary . . .

And the first time that I met Olive Borden . . . at the Fox studio. The huge car. The liveried chauffeur and footman—yes, footman—jumping to stand on either side of the door. The maid stepping out in her neat, black silk uniform. The secretary next. The mother next. And Olive—swathed in mink—last. Although I know that Olive has little work, today, and very little money; although I know the sad part of that glamorous woman's story—I cannot feel a great sob for her. She has lived in Fairyland. Real Fairyland. She has had everything of which girls dream when they are scarcely out of the cradle. And I have stood on tip-toe to peep into her castle windows. She can close her eyes and remember herself as Cinderella even as I close my eyes and remember myself as a subject bowing before her. And thrill at the memory . . .

And that day on the set of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," when I noticed that the prop-orchids were real orchids. Tables upon tables of them. And the day when H. B. Crouch, jeweller, brought over \$100,000 worth of real jewels for Pola Negri—because Pola would not wear imitations, even in a picture. And one of the detectives let me hold the diamond necklace in my hands and press the cold stones to my feverish cheek. Feverish from the excitement of walking through Fairyland even as a humble spectator . . .

And the first time I had luncheon in Marion Davies' dressing room. A bungalow much larger than any house in which I had lived! And someone whispered to me that the door knobs in her *real* home at Santa Monica were made of solid gold!

And the day I saw Alice White pay \$500 for a sheep dog (the one that was stolen recently); and Lupe Velez \$1300 for a rug, when she had a bank balance of \$20. But she charged it. And the time I stood on tip-toe, in hushed deference, to lean over the imported clock that had once belonged to Napoleon—in the drawing room of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. And the day Barbara let me pick a camilla from her rare flower garden.

On the morning following these memories, I went out and interviewed some of the business managers of Hollywood. Those shrewd, meticulous, business men whom the stars have hired to protect them from being "foolish with their money."

I listened very carefully to M. C. Levee, who had been one of our most successful producers at Paramount, First National and United Artists during those days of Hollywood's foolishness. I listened to his statistics, the careful precautions he has taken to protect his clients—Warren William, Dick Powell, Leslie Howard, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bruce Cabot and others from "suffering" through such experiences as he, himself, had known as a



FIRST STILL. Robert Montgomery and his wounded pal escape from prison, in a sequence from "Transcontinental Bus."

member of the "foolish" money colony at a time when he drew more than \$100,000 as a producer. "I knew poverty," he said. "I had begun as a news-boy in Chicago. When I sold out at Paramount, if I had put \$500,000 into an annuity, I would have an income now of \$45,000 a year and could be independent and lazy. But I gambled on the stock market. And now I'm trying to give these people the benefit of my experience—"

I'm afraid that I interrupted the sane present by remembering those special trains that used to slip out of the studio yards, upon special tracks, to carry executives and stars to previews in San Bernadino. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for example, the train slipped right into the heart of the lot. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chef and the waiters, who were accustomed to waiting on Metro's colorful people, and knew their whims and fancies, loaded the filet mignons and special dishes onto the dining car. And the producers and directors and actors ate imported caviar to wile away the one and a half hour trip between the studio and the theatre in San Bernadino. I knew Mr. Levee had been on some of these trips, now discontinued. And I wondered if he didn't wish . . .

Theodore R. Rogers, another business manager who handles the monies of such people as Bebe Daniels, Al Green, Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers, Basil Woon and others joined Mr. Levee while we were talking. I wished that Rex Cole, who receives the checks for Connie Bennett and Alice White; that Myrt Blum, who cares for George Raft and many more; that Joyce and Selznick, controllers for more than two hundred, and all the other business managers were there, too. For, although they may employ systems of guardianship which vary slightly, their general procedures are exactly the same.

The first thing that they do is discourage charge accounts. "Then if Bebe

Daniels walks into a store and sees a fur coat which she loves, she has to think twice. She cannot charge it," Mr. Rogers told me.

Nor could Bebe pay for the coat by check. These business managers must counter-sign checks before they are honored.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., went into an automobile show and ordered a new car because, as he said, "I have fallen absolutely in love with it," he had only ten thousand miles upon his sixteen cylinder Cadillac. His business manager refused to okay the order.

Neil Hamilton owned one Lincoln for six years. He took his business manager to ride in a new one, which was being demonstrated. And a few days later, he was riding around in a Plymouth.

Connie Bennett lives upon an inflexible allowance. Her manager stipulates even the household expenses—right down to the amount she can pay for gasoline for her transportation.

One day, Alice White asked me to luncheon. She had to run up to her manager and beg for five dollars. Although he gave it to her, he promised to deduct it from her next week's allowance—which is \$50 a week for herself and her house. And Alice has stored her Lincoln and drives a Ford.

One half of Clara Bow's salary goes automatically into a trust fund. Clara never saved a penny during her days of triumph at Paramount until Ben Odell, president of a bank, persuaded her to let him have half of each check the moment it was deposited. And that is how she happened to have a little more than \$100,000 in a trust fund when trouble overtook her.

Here is a sample statement such as managers keep for the stars. One star dropped in to get his recently and noticed that his wife had spent \$6400 in 1933 for clothes. "Mercy, I'll have to speak to her. That's



too much. She must cut down." His salary is over \$100,000 yearly. Without such a printed statement, he would have paid no attention and the wife could have bought clothes as she desired.

As I say, I listened very carefully to these managers. "A star who saves \$20,000 a year from a \$100,000 salary is fortunate. At that, he saves less than the government takes from him, if he is single. The income tax is approximately \$25,000 from such an income," Mr. Levee pointed out. "This means that he has approximately \$50,000 to live on. I know how that sounds to the average mind. But it is very difficult, even with careful management to make that cover actual expenses."

He went into actual details. Each star has from four to twenty-eight relatives to support. I knew this to be true. Lupe Velez sends more than three hundred dollars a week into Mexico. One half of one per cent of each week's check goes to the Motion Picture Relief Fund; and a certain percentage to other charities. The percentages are shown on an accompanying table. All tabulated; methodical; systematic.

I have no doubt that these managers are theoretically right. They are protecting the stars from themselves. They are saving them from such a situation as Clara Kimball Young finds herself in, today—working for less than ten dollars daily, when she can get work. They are weaving a pattern into Hollywood finance and Hollywood life—preparing our people for the day when codes may become actualities, with salaries weighed upon cold, judicial scales.

The stars are accepting the regulations. One of these managers will not allow his clients to buy real estate because his statistics prove that it is cheaper to rent, today, than to own. And his clients follow these statistics. My common sense tells me that these men are right. I know it is foolish for Joan Crawford to redecorate her house two and three times a year just because she wants a change of atmosphere around her. I realize that it is silly for Gary Cooper to give huge parties once a month, as he did when he first returned from Europe; I know it is wiser for Mae West to remain in her furnished apartment, only a few blocks from the studio, and to place the bulk of her \$8500 a week salary bonds over the counter of her bank on each, single Wednesday.

I even know that it may be better for the economic world for these people not to make so much money. Although I have always believed (and always will!) that a salesman is entitled to ten per cent of the sale price of his product. That is the way Katharine Hepburn works—and she will probably make more on "Little Women" alone, than if she were paid \$15,000 weekly.

But it's the *feel* of Hollywood which I do not want to see permanently disturbed by anything as metallic as money. Glamour is scarce in this world. The common-place grows as prolifically as weeds. Orchids are expensive because they are rare. The stars are expensive because they are the exceptions to the common-placeness of existence.

Douglass Montgomery comes from a wealthy family. He has never known want. Yet, now that he has made a great success in "Little Woman," he, too, is starting to save his money. Just when he should be learning to be a bit foolish with it.

When Ken Maynard made his first money in this business, Mary Maynard, his wife, saved five hundred dollars by sacrifice and stinting. She carried it around in her stockings for weeks because she did not know how to open a bank account. Neither did he. One day, a friend saw this personal bank, accidentally, and was so shocked

that she led the Maynards to a regular bank immediately, to show them how to handle an account. And today, Ken Maynard buys a new aeroplane without even blinking. "I've got enough so that we won't have to starve. Of course, I couldn't live as we do today—"

Of course, he couldn't. And he wouldn't want to. Would Cinderella live in a palace after she stopped being Cinderella? Or would she crawl into a neat, pretty, countrified corner and spend the rest of her days with the blessed, happy memories of when she *was* Cinderella?

Ah, to be foolish with money. To buy thirteen fur coats with the happy, joyous, childish abandon with which Lupe Velez



Constance Bennett, in a black wig, for her musical comedy part in "Moulin Rouge."

bought them. To import antiques for which you may have to pay on *installments* with the thoughtless abandon with which Ruth Chatterton imported them when she first signed a contract in motion pictures. And the day before she signed that contract she had *two dollars*. To have strawberries from Florida in December and white lilies in your bedroom out-of-the-lily season—as does (I mean *did*) Joan Crawford. To hire eight guards to protect one child, as does Marlene Dietrich.

I've heard a lot about the redistribution of wealth recently. And I believe in the theory fundamentally. But the old Hollywood always redistributed wealth. With the exception of a very, very few—these people took it in today and tossed it out tomorrow. Everyone benefited when they were *foolish with their money*. And the ones who were up took care of those who were down. Renee Adoree spent her big checks before she got them. Marion Davies, who was still getting them, saw that Renee had every comfort when hard luck overtook her. In the old days, that always happened. But today, with money being made important, when the *percentage* is given to charity . . . it's a different story.

Practically no one in Hollywood had wealth in the beginning. They didn't know about bank accounts and insurance annuities and rock-bound investments. They gambled big. And they usually lost. And had a marvellous, childish carnival-time in the losing. They didn't want to know about them. They were youngsters. Youth. Bubbling, excited, generous, squandering youth. They didn't prepare for old age because they were too young to think about it!

And I wonder if this fairyland of ours

out here, with its adorable little Princesses and Princes running around dumping their pots of gold helter-skelter, didn't have a lot to do with the huge success of the motion pictures business. After all, didn't we all begin life by wanting to meet a *good* witch who would wave her wand and turn us into Princes and Princesses? And these people whom we saw on the screen had met the good witch. That's why they thrilled us—

I once asked Lupe Velez why she didn't save money. This was in the days *before* Gary Cooper. "But it's so much fun to spend it." Her eyes danced. "I've never known *what* fun. And besides I can't turn people down when they try so hard to sell me things. And I can't say 'no' when people really want something. It's no *fun* to save money. What good does it do anyone piled up in a bank! If the day comes when I am poor, well I have been poor before. What of it? I *love* being what you call *foolish* with my money."

She still loves it. So does Joan and all the others. Only they are *afraid* now. They have become money conscious. All this economic business is making them grow up and think and analyze and summarize and theorize—when there shouldn't be an "ize" in any one of their vocabularies.

I should like to make a little plea to our government. Why don't you *raise* these people's salaries before they have forgotten how to be foolish with money. You get almost half of what they make right back in Washington through taxes. The rest of the world gets almost all of the balance. But if you let them learn about banks and bonds and money that brings interest; if you let them become *sane* about money, I suppose you'll have to cut their salaries. And the moment you do that and they become *sane* rather than foolish—you'll take our orchids from us . . . and our princes and our Cinderellas.

Oh, please, Mr. Government, do not take our one Fairyland from us. Let us go to see our motion pictures and return home to dream that we have died and gone to heaven and live in a house with satin bathrooms, living rooms with deeply-toned harps and gardens choked with golden fountains.

## LISTEN:—

Mae West is a Kentucky Colonel now, Yas suh! Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky bestowed the honor on the Diamond Queen this winter. When Mae was informed by wire what it was all about, she said: "Well, I'll do right by the Governor. Maybe he wants me to help keep his troops under control. Plenty of Navy boys used to flock to my New York shows when I was playing on Broadway, but I never thought I'd join an army."

Before leaving for the East to marry Frances Dee, Joel McCrea was plenty busy trying to get his ranch house built in time to house his lovely wife, when she returned from Virginia. One day he discovered that bath tubs are taxed \$25 each! And was he annoyed!

"You're sort of cleaned before you bathe," he grouched.

"Unusual" situations popped up at every turn on the "Alice in Wonderland" set, where Director Norman McLeod certainly had to keep his wits about him. For instance, the characters wearing animals' heads, or masks, frequently couldn't hear their cues. They didn't know when another character had finished talking. So a system of lights was arranged, out of camera range, but in view of the actors. A red light started the Duchess talking, a white started the Cook, and so on.



## Up From the Theatre Guild [Continued from page 20]

you know what I mean. I'll bet that surprises you!"

It did, film actresses having shuddered since Gloria Swanson's early days, at the notion of becoming "clothes horses." Here was one of the most versatile actresses of the American theatre, demanding clothes. Of course, I didn't quite believe her. That is what makes her so interesting and so amusing. A lot of the time you do not quite believe her. She is a study in contradictions, that Brady!

Everyone who knows the theatre knows something of her background. Her father is William A. Brady, who produces plays and builds theatres and is an important figure on Broadway. Her mother was Marie Rene, a dancer, and she disappeared from Alice's life while Alice was still very young. Alice was reared in convents. And, dear me, one fancies that she must have been a problem!

While she was still quite young her father allowed her to play small rôles in one and another of his plays. She never played straight *ingenues*, even in her earliest days. She played young, feminine menaces . . . immature "vamps," as they were called then. Somehow she looked that way. What was more, she *felt* that way. Her father used to berate her and discipline her for dressing like a young lady menace outside the theatre. But he didn't get very far with his restraining of her.

She describes herself now as "a frustrated musician." She wanted to sing in Grand Opera and began to study for it. Her father pointed out to her that it would be years and years before she could hope to earn any money or acclaim in that difficult medium. The young Alice wanted money, so she turned to musical comedy and graduated from that to dramatic rôles. That decision, which was her own, was responsible for the "frustration" of her musical ambitions. But she still mourns a little bit over what might have been . . . and she plays the zither!

She has had a career rich in stage successes. The stark "Bride of the Lamb," "Morning Becomes Electra," "Zander the Great" and "Mademoiselle," to name a scant third of a dozen of them. She came to Hollywood not long ago to convulse the picture going public in "When Ladies Meet" and she is going on to other things.

She said to me, suddenly, "I like pictures. But let's don't go into all *that*. I shall—I mean to—carve out a whole new career for myself here. And it is going to be exciting. I want to live here. I *intend* to live here. It is very different from the theatre, of course. But pictures, since they have learned to talk, have taken on a substance and a vitality, a feeling for drama, which they did not have before. It is easier to trick picture audiences by sheer vividness of personality than it is the audiences in the theatre. But it will not continue to be like that. . . .

"I am going to have a fight on my hands, sooner, or later," she went on, "Because I am going to refuse to be typed. So far, they have been extremely nice about it. After 'When Ladies Meet,' they gave me 'Stage Mother' and 'Beauty for Sale'—rôles as different as possible from my first, successful one. Now, 'The Vinegar Tree' is a little bit like the first one. But that's all right. It's time I went back and it is a swell part and a swell cast.

"They had better take up my option," she interrupted herself, abruptly. "I am having a lot of things done to the house which I rented in Beverly—and I may have to pay for them!"

Appropriately, at this moment, a reg-

istered letter was delivered and was duly signed for.

Miss Brady surveyed the outside of it with distaste. "It will be a bill," she concluded. "I shall simply tear it up without opening it. That's what I do with bills!"

"How nice!" I commented, weakly. "It's all in getting used to it," she declared, airily. It sounded like fun and I thought for a moment that I might try



International  
Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw. Discussion of their romance is all over Hollywood. Are they married, engaged or "just friends?"

it myself on the first of next month. But it dawned upon me, with a sad reality, that I should never be able to tear up bills with the aplomb of an Alice Brady!

One of the dogs was taking a nap on my foot. Nana, the maid, told me that I needn't be flattered. "That one'll make up and cuddle with anybody!" she informed me. "Now, my little Jessie—she's different. . . ."

Miss Brady was saying, while the telephone rang and decorators arrived with samples of wall paper and Adrian hung outside the window, waiting for the dogs to quiet before he entered, "In the theatre, you know everybody intimately. Out here, you scarcely meet the people with whom you work in a picture! Back there you sleep until all hours and spend your afternoons and evenings with the members of your cast. Out here you get up at six or something and come to work at dawn, as if it were a factory. Well, it *is* a factory, I suppose. But it's fun . . . ."

Adrian came in, still a bit timorous of the vociferous animals.

Miss Brady went on talking, quite as if we had not been interrupted by anything at all. "I asked Adrian what he thought of a picture I have on my dining room wall," she informed me, without greeting him. "It is a little startling on the sort of paper I have. . . . All he would say was, 'Well, I wouldn't do that, myself! It's interesting. . . .but I wouldn't.' What do you think, really, Adrian?" she pled, addressing him for the first time.

"I wouldn't do it, myself," he told her, smiling.

"Oh, well . . . ." she dismissed the matter and went on to plaid wall papers.

As I said before, the woman is a study in contrasts . . . besides being as mad as possible. She economizes almost to the point of penury in small matters and then

indulges in the wildest extravagances in sums that count. She buys most of her frocks at "budget shops" where she can be fitted for \$14.50 or \$19.75. But she has a passion for valuable furs and those she owns are worth a fortune. She wears (over the \$14.50 numbers) a chinchilla coat, said to be worth forty thousand dollars. When one of her dogs chewed a sleeve out of it, she said, brightly, "Never mind! I'll have it made over into a cape!" And did.

No meats excepting rare game and, occasionally, fish, are served at her table. If she cannot procure the game she wants in California, she will send any distance and pay any price for it.

She never wants to go home from parties. She will stay and stay and *stay* . . . until her enormous vitality has exhausted all the other guests. Then she wants to go on to some other place . . . "where it will be lively." But when she settles down for sleep, she is thorough about that, too. She often sleeps for twenty hours at a stretch and she brooks no disturbance while she is attending to that matter.

She is an avid reader of detective stories but she likes them, as she puts it, "in the raw." She does not like Van Dine because he is "too highbrow." But she has been known to snatch a very raw and cheap detective story periodical from a protesting prop boy's hand, crying, "I'll return it—or pay you for it—tomorrow!"

She has the atmosphere and characteristics which fiction writers would have us believe belong to the great actresses of all time. There is a "Royal Family" flavor to whatever she says and does.

Life has not been all light-hearted bill-tearing-up, professional experiments and obedience-to-whimsical-impulse for her. Her marriage to Jimmy Crane, son of Dr. Frank Crane, was an extremely unhappy one. They married, impetuously, while her father was in Europe one summer—and when Mr. Brady returned, he insisted that they be re-married by a Roman Catholic priest. (Their first marriage was a civil ceremony.) This made it doubly hard for Alice, a devout, convent-bred, Roman Catholic, when she sought a divorce, years later.

The greatest tragedy in her life was the illness of her small son. She suffered a frightful automobile accident shortly before he was born and the lad has been an invalid all his short life. She never speaks of that. She wise-cracks with a sure, sharp wit and buys gay things and talks baby talk to her four dogs (it sounds strangely like the pig-Latin children talk). Only the few people who are very close to her know how she has suffered over that young, invalid son . . . and only a few know how she has fought and struggled to regain health for him.

She is a gallant woman, that Alice Brady. No wonder that there is something brittle and unreal about her gaiety! But the *insouciance* is a part of her, the impulsiveness and the wit belong, indubitably, to her. Her improvidence is a part of her theatrical heritage . . . and it is one of the most vivid heritages in the world.

She is the most exciting addition to pictures since Mae West. More interesting to the thoughtful, perhaps, than that robust and devastating lady (which is not to say that Mae hasn't given the thoughtful a bit of pause!) She has given us comedy which is *not* the comedy of a Zasu Pitts, a Marie Dressler or an Edna Mae Oliver. She has shown us a versatility comparable (without the poignance) of a Helen Hayes.

She is an actress.



# When The Big Night Comes

[Continued from page 17]

trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they purchased a marriage license good for thirty days—which has now been put to good use.

And Gene Raymond can tell you that the thrill of a lifetime comes when you hear, for the first time, an orchestra play a song you have composed. Especially when it's a first song—and no one ever suspected (except yourself) that you "had it in you." "That," says Gene, "calls for a party." So when Harold Grayson told him that his orchestra would feature Gene's maiden musical effort at the opening of the Embassy Club recently, Gene, as proud as a new papa, was right there with a party of friends. Gene wrote both the music and the lyrics for "Brief Moment." And if he follows this up with more ditties the Gershwin boys had better beware. Gene's guests, who shared in his success as a composer that night, were his mother, Mary Brian, the Cedric Gibbons (Dolores Del Rio), the Ralph Bellamys, and all three of the Jesse Laskys. Gene spent most of the evening dancing with Mary Brian, the sweetheart of Sigma Chi, which means that Gene can be a social success now that Mary has smiled upon him. The event of the evening was the lei of tuberoses around the neck of the gorgeous Del Rio—um um—such fragrance.

Mae West celebrated her new Paramount contract, with the lift in salary after the phenomenal success of "She Done Him Wrong," by buying a couple of new diamonds. And the night after the preview of "I'm No Angel" she bought herself a seventeen karat solitaire. Whoops! The Diamond Queen! In fact the only grouch Mae ever had with Boogey, her pet monkey who died recently, was that the little fellow just would insist upon swallowing a few diamonds occasionally. And, apropos of Mae's great weakness for diamonds, they are telling a funny story on her about town these days—they're saying that Mae can take 'em, but she can't give 'em. Mae was supposed to present a diamond studded belt to the winner of the main event at the fights the other night, but for the first time in months she failed to show up at the Olympic stadium. It was announced that she was sick, and Georgie Raft presented the belt to the disappointed winner, who wanted to get it from Mae. When a reporter finally got hold of the West gal over the phone and demanded to know why she didn't show up, she said, "I told 'em I was going to bed for ten days. What's the excitement? He gets the belt and I get the sleep." Yeah, Mae just can't give away diamonds.

When Jack Oakie's option was renewed this last time he gave his mother a car and chauffeur. Gary Cooper bought his mother a silver fox scarf and himself a horse. Every time her option is taken up Miriam Hopkins buys another acre for her farm in Connecticut. Marlene Dietrich takes a European vacation and Jack La Rue brings another one of his sisters (there are five in all) to live with him in Hollywood. Jimmy Cagney built a swimming pool when

Cocoanut Grove, and from there on to the night clubs to "make a night of it." After that audience reception Georgie knew "the big bad wolf" wouldn't be at his door for a long, long time.

When Kay Francis' option was picked up with a generous raise, and Kenneth MacKenna's last directoral effort was pronounced "okay" by his bosses, Kay and Kenneth decided to give a party. They called it "a-putting-an-end-to-those-rumors" party.

Ken's theatrical work had kept him away from Hollywood most of the year, and naturally Kay couldn't be expected to sit home night after night twiddling her thumbs, so, of course, there were rumors all over the place that it wouldn't be long before one member of the family went to Reno. So, just because they were re-united in Hollywood quite happily once more, and would like to put an end to those rumors, Kay and Kenneth threw a Barn Dance at the Vendome that was something to talk about. Everybody came as a farmer—and *everybody* came. There was a lovely Grade A cow among the guests whose manners were most impeccable—which is more than can be said of the manners of some of the other guests. Gloria

Swanson, dressed as Huckleberry Finn, proved a most annoying brat, as she had a water pistol which she used on everyone—and to make it all the worse it wasn't water that splashed over your face, but milk. John Gilbert, celebrating a new Metro contract and the lead in the Garbo picture, was gayer than he has been in years, and wifey Virginia Bruce was right there to help him celebrate. Along about dawn a couple of celebrities took socks at a couple of other celebrities, so it was pronounced a most sensationally successful party.

And hardly had Hollywood gotten the hayseeds out of its hair before it had to go and get all dressed up again, and go back to the Vendome for the Bowery Ball. Ah, indeed, the Bowery Ball was a super-colossal celebration. The party was given by Darryl Zanuck and William Goetz to celebrate the first release ("The Bowery") of the newly born Twentieth Century pictures. Everyone was requested to come dressed in a bowery costume of the early nineties. The Vendome became Chuck Connors' saloon for the evening, with sawdust and free lunch and red checked table cloths and cuspidors. Mr. Zanuck, in tights, with exquisite tatooing over his chest and back, was an obliging host, for he did everything to entertain his guests, climaxing



An incident during the Hawaiian trip of "Four Frightened People." Here are William Gargan and Claudette Colbert paddling about searching for atmosphere.

his option was picked up, Robert Montgomery and Spencer Tracy went in for polo ponies and Joan Blondell built a playroom and a guest room onto her mountain-top home. Max Baer celebrated his Metro contract by buying the biggest and boldest car that has skidded on the Hollywood Boulevard car tracks since the days of Valentino. Wally Beery celebrated the boost in salary, and the new contract, by buying an eight passenger plane, and taking Clark Gable and his wife, and Leila Hyams and her husband, on a trans-state hop.

The biggest night in Georgie Raft's life so far was when "Night After Night" was previewed down at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles. Georgie, practically unknown to the public, was starred in this picture, which is always a dangerous thing for an unknown. The public can so easily make that peculiar sound which the Americans quaintly call "the bird"—and a movie career is ruined. But the audience liked Georgie that night (and Mae West too, incidentally), and gave him a great big hand at the end of the picture. Georgie was so proud he could hardly keep from dancing in the lobby. He had to blow off steam, so he gathered in as many of his pals and fellow workers as he could find in a hurry, and away they went to the



the evening with an adagio dance that was the funniest thing that has ever been seen in Hollywood. Ricardo Cortez and director Archie Mayo tossed him about like a rubber ball, and believe us—he could take it. Georgie Raft dressed as Steve Brodie, broke out with his famous Charleston, which he used to do in Jimmy Durante's night club in New York. Sally Eilers, as a Salvation Army lassie, along with her husband, Harry Jo Brown, and about ten others arrived at the party in an old-fashioned tally-ho drawn by four black horses—and did that give a thrill to Sunset Boulevard! Jean Harlow and her groom, Hal Rosson, made their first party appearance since they were spliced in Yuma, and Jean looked too too cute in a little blue bathing suit of the Gay Nineties vintage, with panties and everything. It was interesting to note that when hubby Hal said, and right when the fun was at its height too, "Let's go home," Jean went without a single demur.

About the most original costumes of the evening were worn by Constance Cummings and her author-husband, Benn Levy, who drew up to the Vendome on a bicycle-built-for-two. The Levys were all dolled up as a couple of burlesque queens, with wigs and bosoms and thighs padded beyond recognition. You could hardly tell them apart—we mean the Levys. Lil Tashman came as Lily Langtry and was a beautiful dream in about ten pink ostrich plumes and a pink gown that billowed and billowed and billowed. Jeanette MacDonald was another vision as Lillian Russell and led the Grand March (a nice old time-honored custom that came into its own again that night) with host Zanuck, who covered his tattooing with a satin cape so as not to cause offense to the beauteous Russell. Miriam Hopkins was cute as a Jackie Cooper newsboy, and George Bancroft made a swell bum with a red beak. Another bum with a black eye was Russ Colombo, who was celebrating the success of his first preview the night before, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

One of the high spots of the party was when Kay Francis decided she was quite weary of dragging a train and a bustle, so she removed her dress and spent the rest of the evening in white shorts. The effect was quite bizarre as she failed to remove her big black be-plumed hat. Another high spot was when it was discovered that two real tramps, who were just passing through the city on their way to no place, dropped in uninvited to enjoy the festivities. Their tramping clothes looked so much like the old bowery, that the two bums entered without any questions being asked, and had a wonderful time with the beer and free lunch until somebody got suspicious. Janet Gaynor, who wasn't invited to the party, kiddingly informed Mr. Zanuck that she and the Irish were raiding the place—but the Irish evidently found something better to do that night, for the raid didn't come off. It was after this party, and after he had taken the Countess di Frasso home, that Lyle Talbot ran his car off a precipice and almost killed himself. Outside of that it was a gay night for everyone—including the two bums.

The Marx Brothers celebrated the preview of "Duck Soup" and a new picture agreement with Paramount by attending *en masse* the opening of the Dunes in Palm Springs. Many other stars spent a merry week-end there—including the Charlie Butterworths, the Harry Jo Browns (Sally Eilers), the Ben Lyons (Bebe Daniels) and the Dick Arlens. Neither Charlie Butterworth nor Groucho Marx managed to tear themselves away in time to attend the Screen Actors Guild meeting held in Hollywood on that Sunday night. Charlie wired Eddie Cantor, president of the Guild,

lished in the columns of what they have

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"Sorry not to be at meeting but am taking advantage of a week-end and three blondes" Groucho Marx wired, "Sick with flu and can't be at meeting but bitterly opposed to the sixty-five cent haircut."

When the last bit of footage on "Hoopla" was in the "can," the world's most famous redhead—the one and only Clara Bow—drew a big sigh of relief and threw a party to celebrate "the end of it all." Clara just doesn't like making talking pictures, she's scared to death of the mike, and she hates all that dieting and exercise to keep the right weight. So it was a grand time to celebrate—especially as Producer Al Rockett and Director Frank Lloyd had told her that "Hoopla" was the best picture she had ever made. But Clara had had one sad experience at giving parties, for

when she gave one at her home not long ago, more and more strange people showed up, so this time she decided to give it at the smart Cafe de Paris on the Fox lot. She had her portable dressing room backed up to the entrance of the cafe, and the back removed from it, so that the guests had to enter her dressing room and get "recognized" before they could go to the party—no crashers this time. The decorations were baskets of chrysanthemums and crutches. Crutches had sort of become the insignia of "Hoopla," because, while it was in production, the director, Frank Lloyd, broke his leg, Gene Cornman, the photographer, cut a deep gash in his, and the head camera man sprained his ankle—and all were on crutches during most of the picture. The guests were the cast and the

crew, for the most part, and included Preston Foster and the Missus, Minna Gombell and her husband, Joe Sefton, Dick Cromwell and Katherine DeMille and Herbert Mundin—and of course Rex Bell, the ball and chain.

The smallest party ever held in Hollywood was given by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to celebrate his departure for London and English pictures—soon after his separation from Joan. He invited no one but Joan, and the two of them had a small table in a shadowy corner of the Cocoanut Grove, and talked and danced together all evening. The next day Doug caught the Chief.

Well, it's sort of boring around here today. Do hope an option is picked up this week—and we can go to a party.

## Joan Crawford [Continued from page 25]

of assistant directors, she was not going to be allowed to stay there very long.

"But what is it you want of me?" Joan asked her, in real bewilderment.

"I just want to look at you!" the girl told her. She had crossed a Continent for that purpose, and she was obviously a girl who had not very much money.

Yet, Joan cares more than anyone I have every known about what people think of her. She reads every word that is written about her and usually cries bitterly over it. When she was married to Doug, and the gossip about them was making them both so unhappy and so uneasy and so suspicious of one another, I said to her, "Why don't you take a vacation? Why don't you, for

one month, read nothing that is printed about you anywhere? Why don't you try to get a perspective on your own life and your own situation without looking at yourself constantly through other people's eyes?"

"I'll do it," she declared. "You are perfectly right when you say that that is one of the main things which is bothering Doug and me. We keep on reading this stuff. . . . I shan't open a magazine or a newspaper for a month. . . . and maybe I can persuade Doug not to open one, either."

As we left the studio to go our separate ways, Joan stopped at a newsstand and bought seven magazines. My last glimpse

of her showed her flipping the pages, eagerly, looking for items which mentioned her.

She never goes to parties if she can help it. She suffers from actual stage fright.

"That awful moment when you enter a room full of people! Everyone looks at you. I always think that they are talking about me, that they don't like me, that perhaps they are making fun of me! I spend hours before I go to a party, nerving myself for that ordeal of entering the room. I suffer horribly afterward. I am sure then, that they didn't like me. They didn't like my frock. They thought that what I said was stupid. . . . It's awful!"

That is ego, of course. She wants ap-



When they made "Dancing Lady." Robert Z. Leonard, the director, at left and Joan Crawford kneeling before Clark Gable.



## Kay Francis [Continued from page 49]

know about it's authenticity," Kay obliged. "I've never been in Rangoon. But shall I tell you about the time I was in Hoboken? No? All right, then—look at that crooked stairway. They tell me that there's one just like it in a famous Shanghai night club."

I gazed in dismay at a flight of steps that rose steeply to a balcony on which several tables were placed. The steps were set at uneven intervals, which is an old Oriental custom I learned. And they looked pretty tough going if a person had to navigate them in a hurry. You'd have to do an old-fashioned schottische—one, two, three, hop—to obtain the best results.

Kay had to leave then to do a short scene in which she only had to dance across the floor in the arms of Ricardo Cortez—which is a break for any girl, if you ask me. Ric is still one of the most sought after young men in Hollywood, though his attentions lately seem to have centered on a young society woman named Christine Lee. But only last year this time Ric and Joan Crawford and the gardenias were tangoing night after night at the Cocanut Grove and the Gold Room—and what a fascinating couple they made on the dance floor. But let's not belittle Kay. Slithering out there in the Cortez arms she made the Red Headed Woman look like a high school girl, and the Worst Woman in Paris like nothing so much as a rank amateur.

At the various tables around the dance floor were enough nationalities represented to start a new League of Nations. Cute little Chinese serving girls in yellow silk pajamas; Burmese ladies with their quaint hair dresses looking like shiny black onions perched atop their heads; Hindus, immaculate in occidental clothes, with their white turbans adding an incongruous touch; trim English subalterns in stiffly starched mess jackets, looking like a lot of Doug Jrs., and Bruce Cabots at the Grove; flashily dressed white girls of uncertain nationality representing the Rangoon *demi-monde*. And on a small stage was a group of Burmese dancers posturing in time to the weird strains from a native orchestra. And when the Burmese posture they posture.

Warner Oland, clad in loose fitting white linens, crossed my range of vision.

"Aha, I see it all now," I said. "Ricardo Cortez is the hero. Warner Oland is the crafty old villain who is setting the head vamp in this naughty dive on Ric's trail. Ric probably has some important papers which they mean to get, or a rare old emerald worth millions that the Maharajah of Hotspot gave him for saving a dozen or so of his wives from drowning in the sacred pools. Plot number 6." (I was mistaken. I discovered later that it was Plot number 7.)

"No, ma'am," said Ric. "I'm no hero in this picture. I hero so rarely these days that I'm neglecting my profile. I'm the heavy again, worse luck. Just a soldier of fortune who sells the girl who loves him—Kay, of course—to Warner Oland for a shipload of guns he hopes to sell for fancy prices to the natives. Oland wants Kay for the head gal in his joint here. (Imagine swapping Kay for a lot of old guns—why Mr. Cortez must be mad.)

"You see," Ric continued, "I'm an utterly bad villain. Later, I decide I want my girl back, and I follow her when she tries to go straight, and when she turns me down I commit suicide and make it look like murder, and she's arrested and—"

"Wait a minute," I shouted. "You're breaking my heart. I want to get out before all that starts happening."

"You don't have to worry," Kay assured me, freshening up her make-up for the next scene. "We go on location tomorrow and all the dirty work is done on a river boat up near Stockton, which, unfortunately, is over a night's ride from Hollywood. We took some early scenes in the picture over on Catalina Island—which also is a bit far for commuting. I wonder what the location chooser for this picture has against me."

I found out that Lyle Talbot had been chosen for the leading man in the picture. He plays a young doctor with an unsavory past who meets Kay on the river boat when she is trying to run away from Oland's dive. The part had been originally intended for George Brent, but for some reason or other Talbot had been chosen to succeed him. Lyle had just gotten home from the hospital, after his terrible automobile accident, the day the studio called him, and although he was still pretty weak and shaken up he promised to take the plane for Stockton the next day. The old troupier instinct. The show must go on. But inasmuch as Lyle still has a gash in his head and his arm in a sling the script writers had to get busy and do a little explaining for a battered up leading man in their story. Lyle and Kay did a swell job together in "Mary Stevens, M.D.," so, personally, I'm darned glad Lyle has the part. He gets more and more popular in Hollywood every day—and the nurses at the hospital reported that while he was there he received more wires, telephone calls and flowers from women than any young actor who had ever sniffed their chloroform. The Countess di Frasso's flowers were very much in evidence.

A call for "Lights" and "Quiet" and Kay was back on the set again to do her "tripping" scene down the jerry-built stairway, and I'm here to tell you it was a real "trip." Hollywood's best dressed actress started down the steps, looking languidly toward the dance floor. One heel got caught in the train of her gown, and down she came, bumpity bump BUMP. And pride goeth before a fall.

"\*-\*-." said Miss Francis.

Director, cameraman, assistants, extras, dancers, everyone, even I, rushed forward to help her.

"Hurt?" Director Curtiz asked solicitously.

"What do you think?" Kay groaned rubbing a tender spot. That same spot which has been so well featured in "The Bowery" and "The Fire Chief."

But Kay refused to let a little thing like that make her call off work for the day. She really was considerably bruised, but as she remarked to me, "The bruises aren't where they show."

As if that wasn't enough excitement for one day, right on top of Kay's tumble, in walked Secretary of the Navy Claude Swanson and a gang of Admirals, piloted by a Warner Brother. Now, whether the U. S. Navy is going to continue to be dry or not, I don't pretend to know. It's been a long time since Secretary Daniels limited the navy's grog to straight grape juice. At any rate I am sure Secretary Swanson's eyes sparkled a bit when he spied the elaborate bar at the end of the café set. Kay must have noted the sparkle, too, for she led the distinguished visitors over to the bar and cordially invited them to have one on the house. There was a click of soles on brass.

But ah—their illusions regarding the movies must have been rudely shattered that day, for after one sip at their mint juleps, served in honor of the Secretary, who is a Virginian, yas suh, I noticed they

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all set them down as if each and everyone contained ginger ale—and, shiver me timbers, they did.

The Sec and the Admirals were good scouts, though, and posed for pictures, and all of them tried to get as close to Kay as possible (but I don't think she slipped her telephone number to any of them), and the photographers had a field day.

When the last gold braid had disappeared I again sought out Kay and demanded to know the finish of "Mandalay." After all, there was just a chance that it might not be Plot number 7. There was a slight suggestion of Plot number 9.

"After you fall in love with Lyle Talbot, the renegade doctor, and have fought off

the villainous Cortez, and he has committed suicide and made it look like murder, and you get arrested—then what?" I asked.

"If you want to know how I get out of that mess and at last get around to a happy ending, you'll have to wait until you see the picture on the screen. It's much too good a story to spoil for you."

Which I call a mean trick on a trusting gal—and now I've got to wait a month to see whether it's Plot number 7 or 9. But from what I saw of the glamorous Kay, no matter what plot it is, I wouldn't miss seeing that picture. I've never seen Kay more fascinating and enticing, and if the men don't go for her in a big way in her rôle of "White Spot" I'm going to quit guessing.

## All Aboard for Wedded Bliss

[Continued from page 21]

In other words," confessed Joel, "I love her—and I have never said that before. Of course one naturally loves one's wife—but when I first admitted to myself that I really loved Frances—I felt it was a most precious thing, something different, something apart." He looked at me searchingly. "Do I sound Ga-ga? Heaven forbid! Parading one's love is dangerous business. Sometimes it ruins everything." Joel looked up at her photograph as though he expected to hear Frances say "Sh'sh."

Frances fought shy of marriage because she thought it might interfere with her career. I would have liked to have talked to her about her plans but Joel warned me, "Frances refuses to talk. I should not have talked so much either," and he looked a bit worried, "but when a fellow feels as happy as I do he wants to jump on the roof tops and shout it to the world. Don't think for a moment that I allow myself to betray that feeling to the public in general. When we go places I try not to annoy Frances, or make a show of myself by gazing into her eyes with that 'can't live without you' look. I have seen others do that. It makes a couple look silly. Love is cheapened when it is put on parade. Perhaps we're a bit old-fashioned about it, but Frances' mother is quite a stickler for conservative behavior and my family is very conventional, so I suppose we are apt to try to put the brakes on our own emotions."

Joel is so obviously happy, and is trying so hard to curb his enthusiasm over finding himself married to the girl he loves, that it would be amusing if it were not so sincere. Frances is a slip of a girl five feet three, with steady blue eyes and brown hair that grows off her forehead in such a way as to make an aura for her intelligent face. It is that cool intelligence that is going to make a fight to sail safely over the stormy seas of a Hollywood marriage. "Exhibiting happiness sometimes brings disaster" is a remark attributed to Frances by one of her intimate friends.

"I know," said Joel, "that there's plenty of trouble for us to steer clear of in marriage. I'm not blind to the disastrous divorces that happen every day. I gasped, with all the others, when the papers came out announcing that Mary Pickford's happiness was hanging in the balance. Everyone is still wondering what really happened to wreck Bill Powell's marriage to Carole Lombard. Of course it makes a chap stop and think. I don't know the recipe for sure fire matrimonial success but I'm going to try to find one." Joel's eyes had a far-away look—he seemed to be summing up the future. "Anyway, now that I've been

lucky enough to convince Frances that it's worth trying—I feel our careers will not be hurt by our adventures into matrimony. It was her splendid work in "An American Tragedy" that made me notice her.

"I first met her, though, while she was being photographed for some publicity pictures at Santa Monica. She was in a bathing suit. I didn't know her without make-up. Someone said 'would you mind posing with Frances Dee?' 'All right,' I said, 'where is she?' 'Right in front of you.' Was I embarrassed? I apologized, and we posed for a few pictures. I don't think I saw her again until we met on the set of 'The Silver Cord.' Then I almost disliked her. She seemed to have a flippant little way about her. Laughed and chatted in a frivolous manner. Later, I learned this is to offset her shyness and embarrassment in being with people—she is afraid of her natural disposition getting her a reputation for being 'high hat.'

"She is a splendid actress and it was a joy to watch her work. I felt I was watching the real Frances—although of course she was acting—but somehow she appealed to me intensely and I tried to see beneath the mask. Her fine intelligence and her simplicity began to show up. That's the wonderful thing about Frances. Her simplicity. It has always been the keynote of everything for me and I believe that if we can retain our genuine love for the simple joys of life this mutual characteristic will help us cheat old man divorce."

Several weeks before Joel and Frances stood before the minister in Rye, New York, and pledged themselves "for better or for worse," they made a trip to San Francisco for a personal appearance at one of the local theatres. They dined together and danced to the dreamy strains of Ted Fio Rita's music and, although anyone could see that it was a case of ardent young love, no engagement ring gleamed from Frances' tapering finger. Joel had all his cards on the table but she was not showing her hand. This bears out her best friend's statement that Frances wanted to think well before she stepped up to the altar with Joel. She is a girl of deep feeling and great ambitions. She was determined on having a successful film career and it is quite likely that a strenuous fight was going on between Frances, the actress—and Frances, the woman.

The woman naturally dreamt of a fire-side, a cradle, and the man she loved—with the world shut out. Joel McCrea has something about him that would make any woman think it would be rather a wonderful thing to be just his wife. Of course,



the actress must not think of cradles and simple home joys—and the outside world called so persistently that, for a while, its song drowned out the lullabies that should be the theme song of a happy marriage, even in this modern world.

Frances was wise in delaying her marriage until she felt very sure of herself. Hollywood marriages seem to shatter the love that precedes them. Courtship is a happy period and when the goose hangs high it is a wise young couple that makes the most of it. Joel and Frances were snapped by several photographers as they boarded the plane for that San Francisco trip and, the following day, newspapers stated that they were on their way to be married. Joel laughed and dismissed it with the remark, "Newspaper men must be in the matchmaking business." Frances denied vehemently that there were to be any wedding bells in the near future but Joel was optimistic and kept building his ranch house with an eye to a feminine occupant.

"Funny, isn't it? But I have put my love for my wife through every test," said Joel. "I have imagined every situation that could rise in everyday life, such as some stubborn illness befalling either of us—some stroke of bad fortune, a serious accident—would any of these things change our love—or would it survive? Some might think me a bit morbid, but I think it is better to size up everything that could happen to a young

married couple, and then try to visualize just what we would do under such circumstances. Would we still love each other? Would we grow tired? I can truthfully say that I love her in such a way that it would stand the gaff of any of the misfortunes I've mentioned. It would seem that our marriage should weather the storm. Some people think our careers will suffer. That's rot! I'm just as interested in Frances' future as I am my own. If she comes home dead tired and wants to stay at home or even not be bothered seeing me—I understand. Neither does she expect me to go gallivanting around if I'm all fagged out from a hard day."

They are both extremely sensible young people—and idealists too—so they should have a good chance to make a success of a marriage that was well considered. There were many arguments pro and con in the household of Dee and McCrea. Their respective mothers wisely looked on from the side lines and let the young ones decide for themselves. Frances knew what she wanted—so did Joel. They have decided that they will have to do a bit of sacrificing, one to the other.

Frances wants a career and Joel wants home life and babies—yet they want to make each other happy, and they know that the only way is to make the necessary sacrifices as the need crops up. If they can keep faith with each other their happiness is assured.

## Seen in the Hollywood Studios

[Continued from page 27]

sons, "the check will be good. If it isn't I can't go back to Shirley (Jeanette MacDonald) and if I can't go back to Shirley I might as well be in jail."

"What are you doing here today?" inquires Director Bill Howard of Vivienne when the scene is finished.

Realizing that directors are sometimes human I obligingly move off.

There's another swell set out there at M-G-M. "The Vinegar Tree," which stars Alice Brady. In its way it's just as pretentious as the one in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," which I told you about a few months ago. This one is a French provincial house with real grass growing on the stage. They dug up a whole lawn, sod and all and transplanted it to one of the sound stages. It's watered every night and the sun-arcs furnish it with light to keep it growing.

There are dormer windows and gables jutting out all over it. The roof looks like it is thatched—but it isn't. It is tile that has been specially treated to make it look authentic—and mouldy. Scattered through the grounds are beds of tulips, iris, snowballs, asters, dahlias, a few lilac bushes and almost every other kind of flower imaginable. Some of the beds are bordered with low hedges. Apple and peach trees are in bloom and yellow rambler roses climb all over the house.

The cast, Alice Brady, Mary Carlisle, Katherine Alexander (fresh from the New York stage—and why?), Lionel Barrymore, William Janney and Conway Tearle, are seated around a breakfast table on the porch. The furniture is white wicker with blue upholstering and white cords about the seams. The table cloth is the same color blue as the upholstering on the furniture and it, too, has a white fringe.

La Brady, the lady of the house, is charmingly gowned for breakfast in a blue and white checked taffeta dress. I catch her eye and smile widely but she looks vague. She doesn't remember me! And we had such a swell interview just last

week. There is a song in Novarro's film called "Try to Forget." I'm going to write one called "Try to Remember" and dedicate it to Alice. Well, she's still swell—but what a blow to a Mook's conceit.

Mary Carlisle comes over to shake hands and that consoles me no little.

"How thin you've got!" I exclaim, determined not to let my chagrin over Alice mar my disposition.

"I've been dieting in wholesale quantities," Mary explains and adds, "I fainted this morning." And me not there to catch her. Truly, it's not my day.

This story is so mixed up. Katherine comes home from Europe with her jaded lover, Tearle, and wants to be with him but can't take him to her apartment. She wires her sister, Brady, to ask if she can come up there. She and Tearle arrive separately—as strangers. Brady is also the mother of Mary Carlisle, who has just had a fuss with her boy friend, Janney, because he thinks she needs more sophistication. Brady is a flighty wench who never gets anything straight and she thinks Tearle was once one of her lovers. How-



Ramon Novarro in his picture, "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Frank Conroy and Charles Butterworth. The musical pictures are a break for Ramon.

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A scene from "The Vinegar Tree," in which Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore are co-starred. It is the screen version of a popular Broadway success.

ever, Mary throws herself at Tearle and he is tempted, despite his forty-two years. Alexander is furious, Brady is both furious and alarmed, and neither of them can do anything about it because they'd let the cat out of the bag if they did.

They're at breakfast when Janney arrives. He's had to come up on a coal car because he's broke, and he's a sight. He looks like a ragamuffin.

Brady gets the brilliant idea—and at breakfast, of all times!—that one of them should leave the room and the others select some object. Then the absent one is called back and by asking questions that can be answered with "yes" or "no" is supposed to guess the object they've chosen. Janney is sent out of the room so he can wash up. When he comes back he begins his questioning.

But Alice being a nit-wit (though, only in the picture, I assure you), gives it away and Janney guesses it the third question. Brady can't understand that she gave it away. "It's wonderful," she simpers. "He guessed it in three questions. However did you do it?"

It's a grand scene and a grand picture. Alice is great, of course, and if you don't think Billy Janney's acting has improved by leaps and bounds, wait until you see this.

"Dancing Lady" is still shooting and so is "Tarzan and His Mate." The latter promises to rival "Rasputin" in length of production. It's on location today. And, of course, Garbo is still the Swede recluse and public be served or no public be served, no one is allowed on the "Queen Christina" set.

### At the Fox Studio

JAUNTING across Overland Avenue to Fox, I'm still having high blood pressure over not being able to get on the Garbo set and narrowly miss colliding with a brewery truck—a 4% one.

Once inside the studio I cool off, though, because the first set I'm ushered onto is supposed to be the stage of a theatre, and the setting is a winter scene in Switzerland. It's one of the most stupendous I've ever seen set up on a stage and, curiously enough, the stage is no larger than those in regular theatres. For that reason, those carping critics who got squeamish about the prologue numbers in "Footlight Parade," will have to find something else in this one to find fault with. It is called "I Am Suzanne," starring Lilian Harvey.

On the stage, high up, almost in the flies, is a Swiss chalet. Winding around it, precipitously steep, is a toboggan slide. There are lots of perfectly gorgeous looking girls on the porch and steps of the chalet—and a few nondescript looking men.

At the lower left of the stage are some tables with people sitting at them and a few waiters wandering around. The cloths on the tables are blue and white checked. Nearly every tablecloth I've seen on a set this month has been checkered, so they must be quite *de rigeur*.

Finally the lights are adjusted and the director calls, "Ready!" For a second there is confusion as the people stop what they were doing to take their places, and the curtains are drawn. "Action!" orders the director and everything moves like clockwork. The curtains part and we see two octettes of girls and boys skating into the scene on iceskates. Down the toboggan at breakneck speed come a couple of sleds filled with people. A group of children are dancing in a circle around a bear. The people on the porch and steps of the chalet, those at the tables, those in the windows of the house, are singing. Suddenly there is a hush and down a rope, strung from the top of the theatre to the stage, slides Lilian Harvey. She takes her bow and launches into a ballet.

It's colossal.

You may wonder what leads up to all this. It's very simple. Hard times have come upon the little puppet theatre in Paris run by Gene Raymond and his father, Murray Kinnell. Their centuries old theatre is not making money. Gene decides to find out where the people are going and what they want. He ends up at the big, popular revue theatre around the corner and the scene I've just described is what he sees.

If you want to know what comes next, consult your movie primer. "I am Suzanne" is plot number one. But who cares about plots in musical comedies.

From Miss Harvey's set I wander on to another stage and find another semi-musical, "Jimmy and Sally," which was supposed to star James Dunn and Sally Eilers. Only Sally decided the part wasn't worthy of her efforts, so they put her into a Western picture with George O'Brien, where she'd have a chance to act more—if not longer. And Claire Trevor, whom I introduced to you a few months ago when she was playing with George in "Life in The Raw," gets Sally's spot in this picture.

The scene is another night club. It is a large room and Gus Arnheim's orchestra has been engaged for the picture. At one end is the orchestra platform, with gold



Jimmy Dunn and Lya Lys in "Jimmy and Sally," the Fox picture which serves to introduce this new feminine player.

drapes around the front and lavender velvet ones forming a semi-circle in back.

A blonde is standing down front crooning into a mike. She's crooning so low that even when you stand a few feet away you can't hear her.

At first I thought it was Claire looking very exotic with her hair parted in the middle, slicked down on each side and drawn back.



"Is that Miss Trevor?" I ask.

The maid gives me a pitying look. "That is Miss Lys," she announces majestically.

Well, and so what? I can imagine a lot of things worse than being mistaken for Claire Trevor.

It seems that Jimmy is a publicity man for the Marlowe Meat Packing Corporation and Claire Trevor is secretary to the advertising manager. They have apartments across the way from one another and Jimmy eats most of his breakfasts with her. They have an "understanding" (ah, Understanding, what sins are committed in that name!) but he never quite gets around to the marriage idea.

He evolves a publicity stunt which draws publicity all right—and a lot of unwelcome damage suits as well. He gets the gate.

Now Pola Wenski, a cabaret entertainer (Lya Lys) at the Rendezvous, also entertains Mr. Marlowe on the side. (I tell you, these meat packers are terrific!) She is deeply impressed with the publicity resulting from Jimmy's stunt and insists that Marlowe engage him to make her famous—or infamous.

Jimmy promptly plans a *swell* stunt. He gets a broadcasting keyhole columnist—Clyde Dilon—(and is it possible they could mean Winchell?) to confide to his ether public that "Pola Wenski, beautiful blonde at the Rendezvous, has fallen in love. That may not seem unusual but it will when I tell you the man she is *cuhrazy* about doesn't even know it, nor has she ever met him. She cherishes a big yen for a gangster and, not to confuse you, I'll add that he's the most dangerous and hand-somest public enemy at large."

Half a dozen mob leaders each figure they're "it," and they all, with their body guards, call that night at the Rendezvous. Jimmy is there with Jed Prouty, and it's to them Lys is crooning.

The scene finished, Jimmy dashes up. "Hi, lug," he hails me in his customary fashion.

"Hi, yourself," I retort. "I haven't seen you in a month of Sundays."

"Gosh, how you get around," he comes back. "I've been away for two or three months. You sure get the news while it is news, don't you?"

"You *could* 'phone a guy you know and say 'goodbye' or 'hello,'" I whine.

"Well," he soothes me, "just so you'll be on the inside I'll tell you now that as soon as I finish this picture I'm going back to New York to do some more personal appearances. Now don't say I never gave you an exclusive story."

Thanks, Jimmy, and you see what I'm doing with it, don't you? You—you—you lug!

Right next door to the night club set is the interior of a sleeping car on the Orient Express. The picture is called "Seven Lives Were Changed," and here's how.

The train pulls out of Ostend and thunders across Europe carrying a strange cargo of passengers, among whom are: Heather Angel, dainty, lovely variety dancer, to whom life has been unkind. She is en route to Constantinople—almost penniless. She looks forward to her dancing job. When she faints from hunger it is the kindly but timid Norman Foster, wealthy young merchant, who takes her under his wing, tells her of his business, his hopes and plans, and provides her with food and a stateroom. Then he proposes marriage and lives in ecstatic happiness until the shadows of others cross their paths.

Roy D'Arcy, thief, pickpocket and murderer, fleeing from his latest crime, boards the Orient Express.



In "Seven Lives Were Changed," Norman Foster, Little Marianne Edwards and a music box share honors with Roy D'Arcy. It is D'Arcy's first appearance since the silent pictures.

Ralph Morgan, seemingly a quiet English school teacher vacationing in the Balkans, is in reality a powerful Communist leader returning to his homeland to lead another uprising. About to be arrested when the train reaches the Jugoslav border, he slips an incriminating letter on to Heather Angel, which leads to her arrest.

At the moment, Norman and D'Arcy are in the compartment with little Marianne Edwards. While Norman is entertaining Marianne with a toy music box, D'Arcy picks a purse in the compartment. Charming fellow.

There isn't any dialogue in this particular sequence but it's a gripping story and proves that the wages of sin is death.

#### At R.-K.-O.

AT THIS studio "Flying Down to Rio" is in production, but they're only rehearsing.

"I can't be running back and forth to these studios all the time to catch scenes," I grumble to Thornton Freeland, the director. "If you want to get in this department this month, you'll have to shoot the number now."

But Thornton knows me and, confound it, nobody who knows me ever takes me seriously. He just grins and says "June (June Clyde, his wife) was asking the other night why you never drop in to say 'hello.'"

I'm going away somewhere—somewhere where no one knows me and I'll be respected.

One of the most stupendous sets I have ever seen has been erected for "Man of Two Worlds," in which last season's matinee idol, Frances Lederer, makes his screen debut. It is stark tragedy—the saga of an Eskimo who guides some Englishmen in their quest for rare animals. As a reward, he is taken back to England with them, and falls in love with an English girl. Recovering from an illness, he sees her in the arms of her fiancé and the shock is so great he faints and has to be taken back to bed. On the mend, though still weak, he attempts to make love to and possess her. She screams and rains blows on him. Thoroughly disillusioned, he returned to his native Greenland, his mother, wife and son. But as time passes he finds himself comparing his environment and family to the other life he has known. His failure to possess the white girl becomes an obsession. In the end, he goes out into the storm, sends his spear hurtling through space and permits the snow and cold to force him to the ground—and death.

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of paris and wire matting, but they're painted white with faint blue shadows, giving the impression of immensity—and the vast distances of the arctic. Artificial snow covers the ground and a couple of wind machines not only faithfully reproduce the sound of the unceasing northern wind, but also keep the snow whirling.

Lederer, clad in the regulation Eskimo outfit, takes his place at the far end of the set, high up in the hills of ice. A wire, painted white, so it won't photograph, has been strung the length of the stages. His spear has a couple of eyebolts fastened in it and the wire runs through these. The wind machines start, and the snow whirls. Suddenly he heaves the spear and it goes hurtling through space, missing the camera by inches, fixing itself in a couple of planks erected to stop it. Lederer looks after it sadly for a moment and then sinks to the ground. The snow gradually covers him.

It is a masterful piece of acting and a gripping story, but just why the studio officials should have elected to use the most romantic figure on the stage today in such a part is another of those questions that constantly perplex everyone connected with the industry—except the heads of it, who seem blithely unconcerned.

The only other picture shooting over there is "Long Lost Father," starring the peerless John Barrymore, who goes right on making pictures despite anything I can do about it.

"You'll have to wait here a minute," my guide informs me as we're about to enter the stage, "until I see if we can get on this set."

He leaves me and returns a few minutes later. "One of the assistants says we can do anything but speak to his highness."

Well, I've lived fifty—I mean, twenty years without speaking to Mr. Barrymore so I guess I can survive. And, anyhow, I once split a quart of champagne with Ethel and nobody can take that away from me.

The scene is the office of a restaurant. There is no furniture in it but a desk, a desk lamp, a continental telephone, office chair, a couple of file cases and a few pictures on the wall.

John, looking very head-waiterish in gray striped trousers and a frock coat, is seated



E. C. Clive and John Barrymore in "Long Lost Father," Radio's sure-fire picture.

at the desk with his famous fishy look in his eyes. At a corner of the desk stands E. C. Clive, a cockney Englishman.

"You wanted a job, didn't you?" Barrymore demands.

"Yes, sir," says Clive.

"Get him a waiter's kit," says Barrymore, apparently addressing the thin air, because there's no one else there, "and have him serve the eggs."

Now, I ask you: Does that make sense? And what possible connection can eggs have with a long lost father?

### At Paramount

AROUND the corner from R-K-O, I bump into Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Lew Cody and Gregory Ratoff (the same one who once resented Glenn Tryon referring to him as "talent," and who told Glenn that in New York they referred to him as "genius." I guess I'd better add that the whole thing was in fun or a nitwit in Washington named Carol Behrle will be writing me an indignant letter of protest).

They're making a scene outside the studio gates for "We're Sitting Pretty." This is the picture that co-stars the first two. Haley is one of the best known comedians in New York, and, before his arrival, all Oakie's friends had a great time kidding him into believing Haley would steal the picture.

"What's it all about, Jack?" I ask Mr. Oakie.

"Waal, my partner (indicating Haley) and me are a couple of vaudevillians trying to get to Hollywood, but we got no dough. So we get out on the road and give it this



Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff, Jack Haley and Jack Oakie in "We're Sitting Pretty." You wouldn't think it was a girl show from this scene.

(giving me the hitch-hiker's sign). We finally get here but it does us no good. We can't get into the studio. So we park outside the gates and—"

"Action," yells the director.

Oakie and Haley bust up to the gate. "We got to get in here," Oakie explains but the gateman pushes him out with a nasty expression. They're using a real gateman and I've seen that same expression many times when I've tried to get in myself. Just then Lew Cody (whom Oakie says is the Schulberg of the picture) and his agent, Ratoff (whom Jack describes as a "flesh peddler"), come along.

"Listen, Tannenbaum," says Cody, "you're a good agent but you don't know a thing about casting."

"I still say Freddie Marvin could play that part," Ratoff insists. "He's just a baby."

"Baby, eh?" Cody sneers—and how he can sneer. "He's been voting for five years." Cody gets into the waiting auto but just as Ratoff prepares to follow suit, Oakie and Haley, who have been watching open-mouthed, rush up and stop him.

"Say, Mr. Tannenbaum," Oakie sputters. "Yeah?" comes in a frigid tone from Ratoff.

"We're Parker and Pendleton," Oakie announces in a tone implying that more need not be said.

"All right," Ratoff squelches him as he shakes off Oakie's arm and gets into the car, "I'll use your brooms."

The expression of bewilderment and utter unbelief on Oakie's face as Cody and Ratoff drive off is something I'll long remember.

Inside the studio I find a little number in production called "A Girl Without A Room."



The picture is just starting and I don't think they've quite got the plot settled yet (just wait until Mr. Glogauer finds out about *this!*) but it's an elegant set. It represents an artist's studio on the Left Bank in Paris. My guide and I pick our way through a lot of roofs set on stilts and come, finally, into the studio. I glance back towards the maze through which I've just threaded my way, only, being inside the studio, I have to look through a window and it's a little startling to see nothing but the roofs which seem startlingly real



"A Girl Without a Room" is one of those Paris studio pictures. Walter Woolf and Marguerite Churchill.

without the stilts. The place is simply filthy (if I ever even *hear* of a tidy artist the shock will carry me off). One side is a wooden cupboard and on the other a platform for the model to pose on.

Marguerite Churchill, who used to be so mousey, has now gone in for sex in a big way and her formerly chestnut tresses are a Peggy-Shannon red. She stands on the model's dais clad only in a pair of teddies and a polka-dot robe. Walter Woolf, whom I mentioned as having played in "Golden Dawn" with Vivienne Segal, and who has one of the most glorious baritone voices on the American stage, is the artist.

"May I quit now?" asks Marguerite.

There is no reply as Wally goes right on with his work. Suddenly hiccuppy Charlie Ruggles enters, without the formality of a knock. "Tchk, tchk, tchk," says he, taking in things at a glance.

"What do you want?" Woolf asks, none too cordially.

"The bottle of brandy you borrowed while I was out," Ruggles answers as though it were ridiculous to suppose he'd come for anything else.

"May I quit now?"

"At least, I didn't disturb you when I took it," Woolf retorts, ignoring Marguerite. "Why don't you knock before you come in?"

"If you insist on my knocking (pun intended)," Ruggles assures him, "then I must say that (indicating Woolf's painting) is the worst picture I've seen since my folks took the painting of Aunt Agatha out of the living room in 1912."

"Look," says Marguerite, "if you don't mind, I'll quit now."

"Uh? Oh, sure," Walter responds.

"Cut," the director instructs.

I'm dying to ask Marguerite about these rules for a successful marriage that she and George O'Brien have formulated but, after all, you can't just bust up to a perfectly strange young woman and ask her if she thinks her marriage of two months' standing is going to be saved by a few rules.

I feel more at home on the next stage because Freddie March is there and Freddie and I have been friends for years. But, drat it all, he's no fun today. "I've had the flu," he mutters. "I've still got a tem-

perature of over a hundred and I ought to be in bed."

"Well, why aren't you?" I ask.

He gives me a disgusted look and then for a moment the March humor breaks through. "Haven't you learned yet that the show *must* go on?" he demands.

The "show" in this case is "Chrysalis." Freddie is a professor at a university and Miriam Hopkins, daughter of wealthy and divorced parents, is infatuated with him. Her mother, learning of the affair, sends the family lawyer to investigate Freddie.

Freddie is in the living room of his apartment—a living room furnished with a heterogeneous assortment of chairs—one upholstered in red leather, another in needle-point while a third is in the Jacobean style. A large table is placed endwise against the window, which boasts nondescript draperies. A draughtsman's board with a T square and some paper on it is just back of the table.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door and Freddie goes to answer it. William Collier, Sr., stands there beaming. "Mr. Ellis?"

"Yes," Freddie admits.

"This is delightful," Collier announces, standing in the doorway and glancing about the room.

"I'm very busy," Freddie announces. "Could you come back tomorrow?"

"Won't stay a minute," Collier returns, pushing into the room, smiling so blissfully, his manner so suavely assured that March can't stop him. "I'm Jeremiah Halman, legal advisor and close friend of Mrs. Farrell—Lyda's mother."

"Oh," comes from Freddie.

"I presume you know Lyda Farrell (Miriam Hopkins)?" Collier persists.

"Well—yes," from Freddie.

"May I sit down?" Collier has the decency to ask.

"Of course," says Freddie, and adds, "You would anyway."

He's right. Collier already has the easiest chair in the room picked out.

#### On the United Artists' Lot

TWENTIETH CENTURY has two going: "Advice to the Lovelorn" and "Born to Be Bad."

The former is graced with the presence of Lee Tracy, Sally Blane (just back from Europe and two or three princes and millionaires), and Adalyn Doyle, a pretty newcomer who gets her first break in this picture. She used to be Katherine Hepburn's stand-in. Douglas Churchill, portly representative of the New York Times, is acting as technical advisor on this picture. Doug's penchant for resting is well known and I wondered how he would be able to stand the gaff of picture work. "I should have a stand-in so I could relax more," he grumbles.



Adalyn Doyle, Lee Tracy and Sally Blane in "Advice to the Lovelorn." Tracy is the best newspaper man on the screen.

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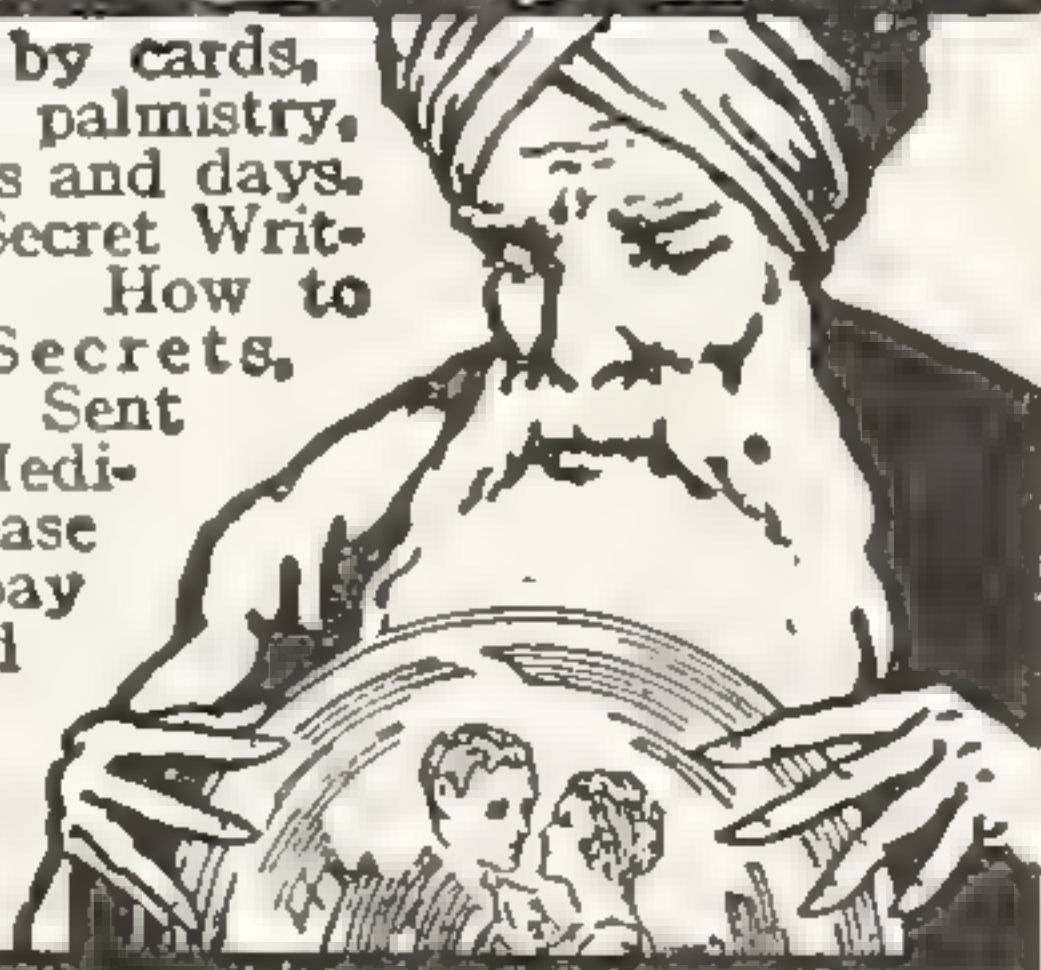
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"A sit-in, you mean," opines the director derisively.

It seems that Lee is a breezy reporter on the Los Angeles *World*, who gets put in charge of the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column because he's always drunk and can't stay on any other job. He's furious and wants to quit so he can marry Sally Blanc and go to work in her father's garage. But the managing editor won't let him go because he has a contract. So he starts to kid the column, but only succeeds in boosting the paper's circulation.

Ashamed to tell Sally what he's doing, he announces he can't quit because a poor old reporter named Gaskell (Gaskell is really the managing editor) is dying of lung trouble and is the father of six motherless children. Gaskell, according to Lee, is too sick to do his own writing so Lee has been quietly doing it for him for a long time. Fortunately for them Gaskell can't live more than six months and then Lee will be released from his heroic sacrifice. Lee figures he'll be fired before then.

The lie works until Sally accidentally learns who Gaskell really is, and that he is the owner of a sixteen-cylinder automobile but no children. Then she sees red.

As I put in an appearance on the set, the place is bustling with activity. Downstage is the reception room of a large newspaper office. There is a railing to separate the sheep from the wolves or, rather, the visitors from the employees. Inside the rail is the switchboard and Adalyn busy plugging up holes, etc. Through the plate glass windows can be seen reporters in the outer office scurrying around, typing, chatting and doing all the other little things reporters do when they're supposed to be working. Sally, in a blue-gray coatsuit, with mole collar and hat to match, and long dark gray silk gloves coming up to her elbow, is pacing impatiently up and down by the switchboard. Then Lee bursts through the door with hands outstretched towards her. "Honey!"

"Hello," says Sally indifferently.

"Why've you been hiding out on me?" Lee asks. "I've been calling you for weeks."

"Is there some place where we can talk?" Sally wants to know, ignoring his questions and cordiality.

"Huh?" says Tracy and then he gets it. "Wait a minute." He rushes through the swinging gate to the switchboard and sends Adalyn out to powder her nose.

It's a typical Tracy part and for those of you who are not Lee's fans there are a couple of spots in the picture where he gets beaten up unmercifully.

"Born to Be Bad" stars Loretta Young, Sally's sister.



Harry Green and Loretta Young in "Born to Be Bad." Loretta is becoming a very important young lady.

Loretta is a hard-boiled dame with a hard-boiled young son. She's had to fight her way through life and I've an idea that the son is the result of her having loved "not wisely but too well." When he is run over by a milk truck, driven, curiously enough, by the president of the company so he can better acquaint himself with what's going on in his company, Loretta gets hold of a shyster lawyer. They concoct a scheme to make the boy's injuries seem much worse than they are so that they can collect big damages. Their plot is discovered and the boy taken to an orphanage, only to be adopted later by the president of the milk company (Cary Grant).

Loretta tries to get the boy to run away with her but that plot, too, is discovered. When Cary upbraids her, she pretends to faint and is put to bed in one of the rooms of his home. She immediately summons her lawyer—none other than Harry Green.

Despite all the recent milk wars, dairying is still a profitable business if one can judge by Cary's home. The room is done in a dead white. The furniture is French period. On the bed are Italian cut-work sheets, no less. Loretta is on the bed, too, looking very lovely in a turquoise blue velvet negligee with a lace yoke and lace sleeves.

"Let's go," suggests Lowell Sherman, the director.

Harry takes his place at the foot of the bed. "Listen to me," he adjures Loretta. "I'm talking to you like you was my own daughter—my own flesh and blood. Such an opportunity a girl never had. Don't worry. You'll get your kid back and fortune besides. And even if de kid got killed," shrugging his shoulders, "positively you wouldn't be so well off."

"Well, what is it?" Loretta demands, running a nail file over her finger.

"It's no trick," Harry explains. "It's simply a matter of pushing a button. 'The trick,' winking, 'is for you to get him to make love. But,' holding up an admonitory finger, 'just to get him to make love is not enough. It's got to be the wrong kind of love. If he says, 'Darling, I love you'—that means nothing. But if he says, 'Darling, I got to have you—I can't stand it' and you get him panting like a fox—that means money in the bank."

Loretta thinks it over for a moment and smiles. "All right. Go ahead and get your contraption."

Poor Cary. He's always being framed.

I wish you could get a load of Director Lowell Sherman. A vision, positively, if I ever saw one. His dark sun glasses, worn inside as well as out, make him look quite *distingue*. His costume of khaki shorts, yellow sweater with practically no sleeves, and white wool golf stockings with clocks of orange and black diamond shaped figures running up the sides, do nothing to distract attention from him.

Over at Universal

I WILL look this place over and my day's stint will be finished.

"By Candlelight" is the first picture that engages my attention at the oldest factory in the business. This is the story that John Gilbert was reported to have written and that he was so anxious to make at M-G-M. It is the story of a butler (Paul Lukas) who amuses himself in the absence of his master, a philandering prince (Nils Asther) by wearing the latter's smoking gown, drinking his liquor and smoking his cigarettes.

En route to Monte Carlo, where the prince has sent him to ready his (the prince's Villa) so that he may elude a couple of irate husbands in whose homes he has—er—meddled, Paul encounters the maid (Elissa Landi) of the Countess Von Rischenheim (Dorothy Revier). Each seeing the coat



of arms of their master and mistress on the luggage, believes the other to belong to royalty.

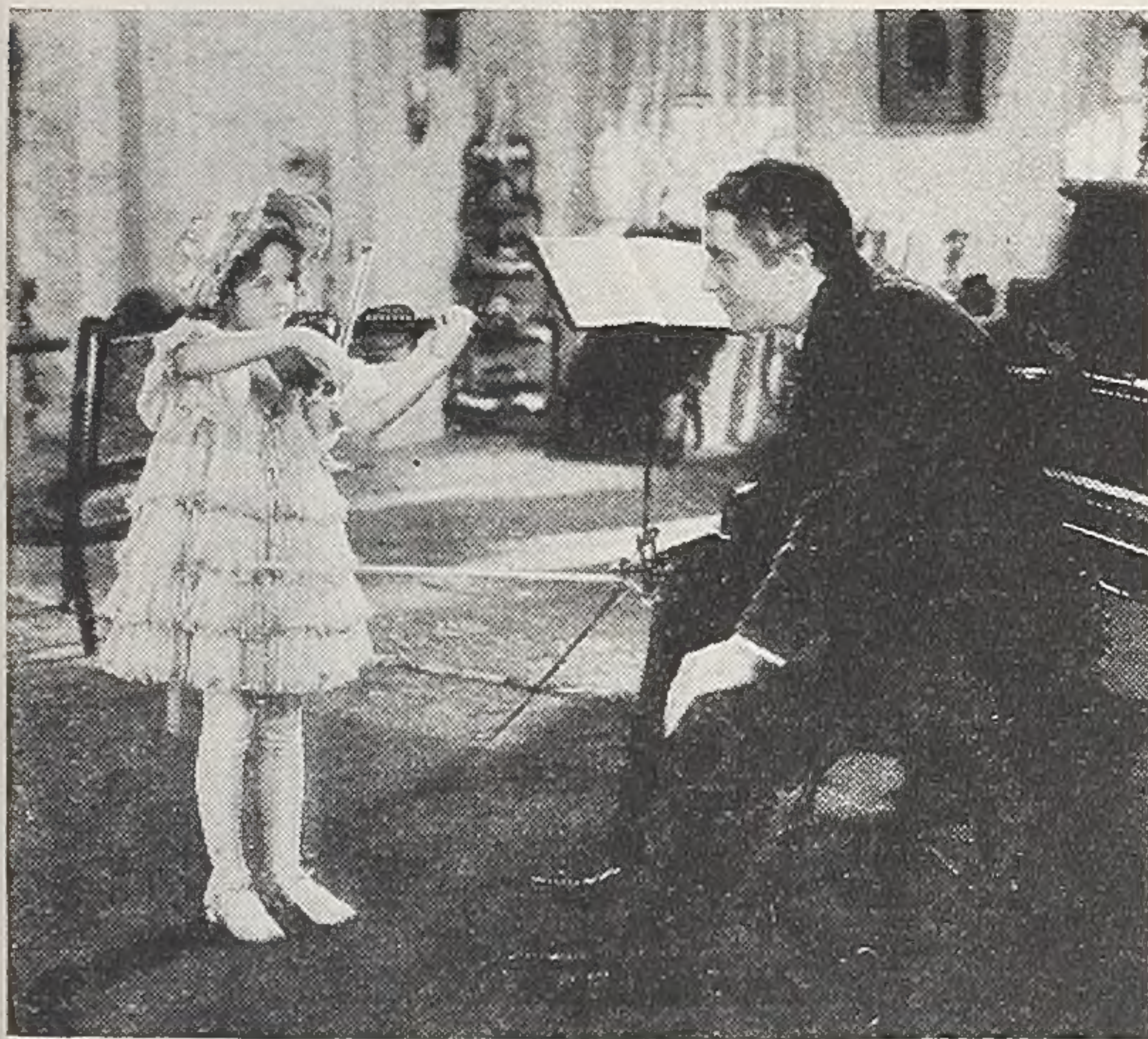
He persuades her to visit him at his master's villa the next evening, receives her in the prince's dressing gown, dress shirt and evening trousers. Elissa is modestly gowned in one of her mistress' most elaborate costumes. Suddenly the lights go out. Frozen with terror, Josef sees the prince, unexpectedly returned, enter the room in the servant's livery, bearing champagne and candelabra—their customary procedure, only with the rôles reversed, when the prince is on the make.

The prince, from the first, doubts Elissa's supposed high station and, during Paul's absence from the room, treats her with such familiarity that, thoroughly frightened, she flees, dropping one of her mistress' jeweled slippers on the terrace where it is found by the abject Paul.

The scene my fast dimming eyes encounter is the hallway in the villa. It is in severe white. Suddenly the outer door opens and Paul enters, the dressing gown still much in evidence, and carrying the jeweled slipper. Through the door can be seen palm trees and the silvery moonlight. He closes the door, crosses the hall into the bedroom, leaving the latter door open. Through the doorway we see him toss the slipper and dressing gown on the bed, don the coat of the prince's dress suit, turn and leave the room.

What happens next? For the answer to this great mystery see the picture when it is shown at your nearest theatre, as I must confess I can't help you out. But with three foreign actors—Lukas, Landi and Asther—playing a continental farce, you'll get your money's worth.

"Beloved" is the story of a boy (John Boles) whose father used to have a three piece orchestra play him to sleep every night in order to instill a love of music in him. Ten years later the Baron (John's father) has been killed and John and his mother are living in Charleston, S. C. The mother gives music lessons. Another ten years pass and so does the mother. John



Joan Pierce and John Boles in a scene from "Beloved," a Universal picture. This shows the sound pictures at their best.

continues giving lessons. Among his pupils is the daughter (Gloria Stuart) of some wealthy Charlestonians. They fire John when they learn that he, a nobody, wants to marry their daughter. Then the Civil War breaks out and he goes to fight for glory and for country (the South) taking with him Shirley's promise to wait for him to the end of time—if necessary. Fortunately it isn't. When the war is over he comes back, and as her people have lost all their money she's no better than he and they are married forthwith and immediately. The years treat them

none too kindly. In his heart is the desire to write a great symphony but the desire is not fortified with the ability.

He continues giving violin lessons at 25c to \$1 a lesson. We pick him up in the midst of a lesson. It is a shabby little room, although it contains a beautiful antique highboy.

John, his hair graying with the years, sits on the piano stool facing a little girl in a poke bonnet and ruffled dress, the ruffles edged in green ribbon, who holds a violin, and bow.

"Now, Joan," he smiles patiently, "let's do the G scale. Come on, now."

There is the wheezing, scraping noise a tyro makes in drawing a bow across the strings of a violin.

"Just a moment, darling," he interposes when she finishes, "let's keep it up to tempo. Try it again now." And he manages to look interested as she does it. "That's fine," he encourages her. "Now, can you remember the C scale?"

I can only remember the young genius in "Humoresque," who, while struggling for recognition, was forced by circumstances, to give lessons to dolts who never would be able to play as well as he—who never would appreciate nor love music as he did. And as I watch John struggling to appear interested in something he loathes, I remember a line in one of Philip Barry's plays: "Expediency's heel on the neck of inclination. Most men lead lives of quiet desperation."

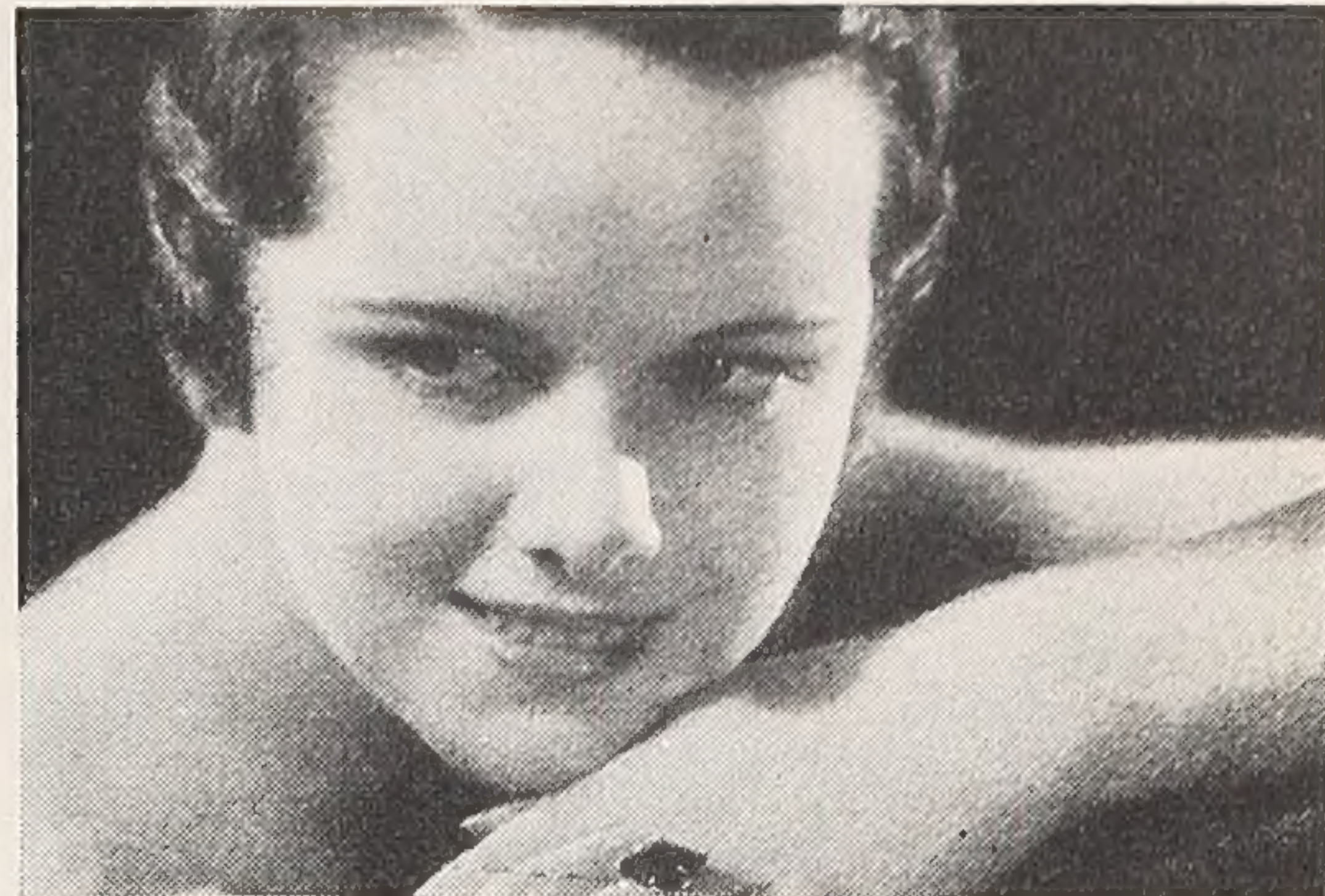


Shirley Grey, Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens in "Bombay Mail." Exciting, too!

Fortunately the whole picture is not in this sombre mood. Boles sings two songs in it—songs written by the director—Victor Schertzinger.

Maybe when you see "Bombay Mail" you can follow the plot. I must admit I cannot make head nor tail of the synopsis of the story. It has to do with nobility, secret service agents, an expert in poisons, an intoxicated news photographer, an Eurasian crook, the Maharajah of Zunjore, a *bon vivante* and gambler, his associate, the Pundit Garnath Chundra and a salesman of plumbing fixtures—to say nothing of Shirley Grey, Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens. Now, I ask you, could you—in ten words or less—outline a mystery plot involving all those people? That's what I thought.

At the moment the scene is taking place in the governor's private car on the Bombay Mail train. That, too, is all in white. There is a white desk in a corner, a long white table in the centre of the car, white chairs, white Venetian blinds over the windows, white curtains,—even Eddie Lowe is in a white suit and Onslow Stevens' is light in color. I wish some of these scenic designers would some day discover there are other colors in the chromatic scale. Remembering it myself, I long for the good old days when George Bancroft's lavender bedroom was the talk of the town.



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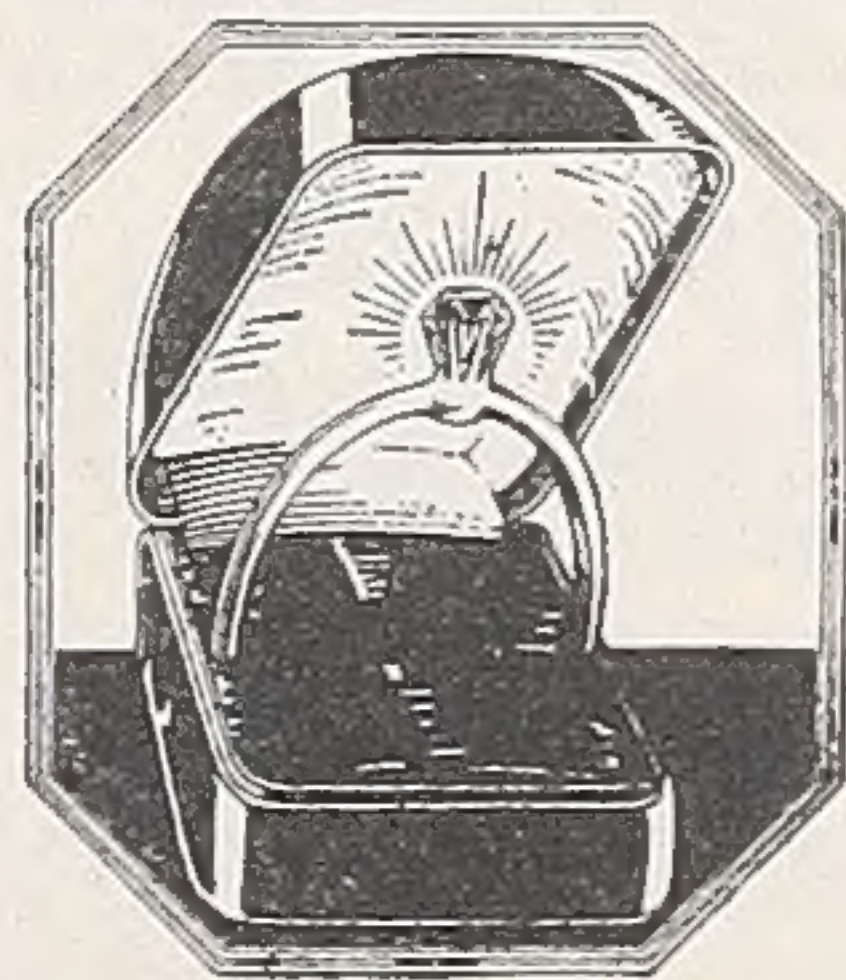
Newest, exquisite, with the warmly seductive, intriguing fragrance of romantic Spain. Mil Caricias (passionate), Amor Furtivo (romantic), Gotas de Amor (erotic), Vanidad (coquettish), Almiris, Soul of Iris (flowery).

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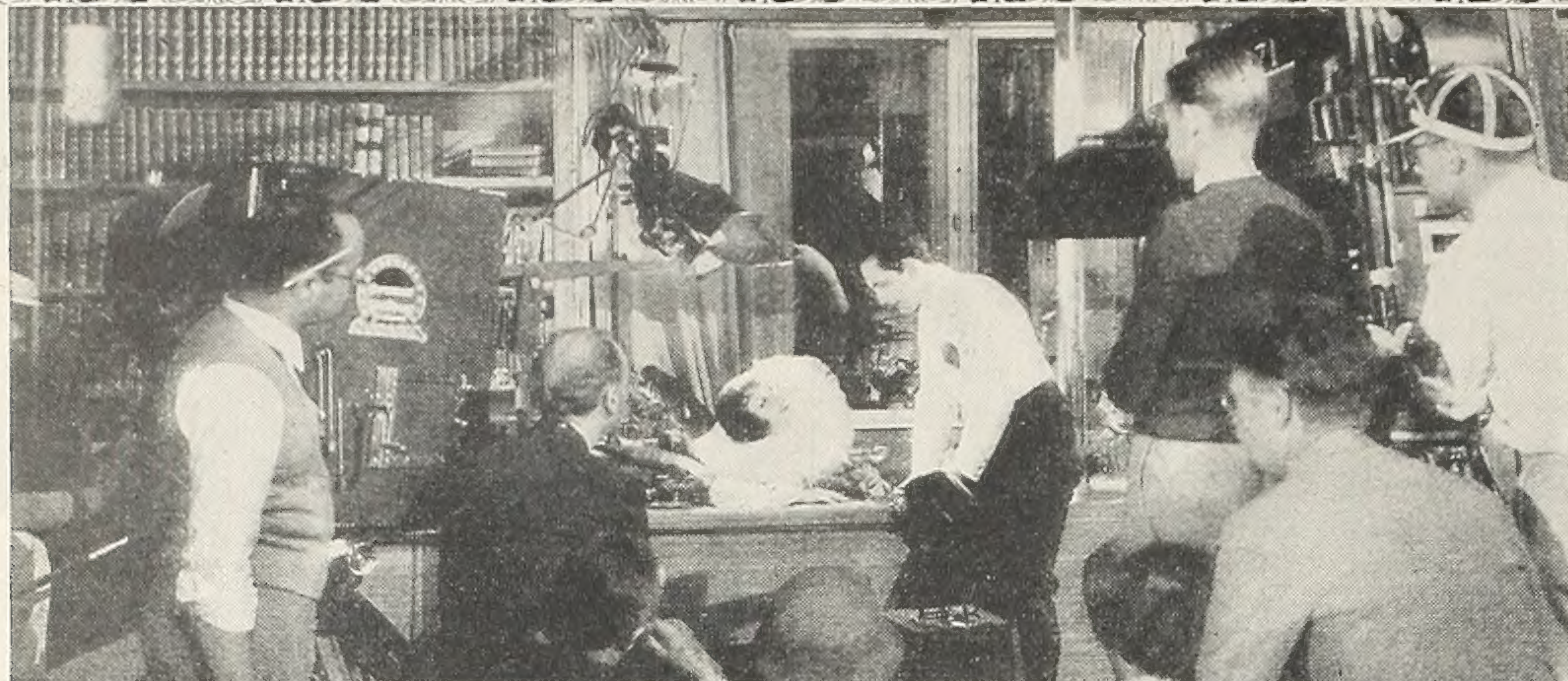
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# A Year in Hollywood!

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But to get back to our mutton: Eddie Lowe, as Inspector Dyke, has been holding Onslow Stevens and Shirley (who have, of course, fallen in love with each other) for the murder of some of the other passengers. As the train nears Bombay he discovers their innocence.

"By the way, Hawley," Lowe remarks to Stevens, "the reason I asked you to remain was that a man in the guards' van this morning asked me to give you this," handing Onslow his tobacco pouch which contained three valuable rubies that had been stolen from him.

Last on the list, thank heaven!—is "Cross Country Cruise," which stars Lew Ayres. These studios kill me. Here they had Lew Ayres under contract for years and did absolutely nothing with him after "All Quiet On the Western Front." They release him, Fox signs him, and immediately Universal has to borrow him back for a part which, apparently, no one else can play.

This picture is just starting. It opens in the eastern terminus of a transcontinental bus line. Passengers are milling about, waiting the departure hour.

June Knight is there waiting for her boy friend, Alan Dinehart, who has promised to marry her, but who didn't bother to explain he is already married to Minna Gombel. When Alan finally arrives, his ball and chain is right with him. And I must say, Minna isn't any too hard on the eyes in the outfit she has on—a tweed coat-suit. Alan tries hard to explain things to June but doesn't make much headway. And, after all, there isn't much he *can* say, under the circumstances.

Alice White, a sexacious chorine, is also there. Learning of June's predicament, Alice gets big hearted and gives her her ticket, explaining that she can use her wiles on the bus driver.

I'll say she can. She's got on a sexy little black satin dress with a white tie and a black felt hat. I'm dying to ask her about her lawsuit with Estelle Taylor and her ruskus in court with John Warburton but I guess it's just not my day because she doesn't mention it and I haven't the nerve to.

"I'm wearing stockings in this picture," she announces. "It's the first time in five years I've had any on and I don't know what to do with them."

"Roll 'em," I suggest but she only gives me a disgusted look and starts talking about the new Actors Guild.

I turn hopefully to Lew. "Are you playing the bus driver in this picture?" I query, remembering how he loves to play colorful parts.

"No, I'm only a rich man's son again," he mourns.

"Well, tell your valet to get you some garters then," I snap, glancing at his socks, which are flapping around his ankles.

"Say, Dick," he suggests, "have you ever tried being nice to people?"

"Yeah," I retort, "one day when I wasn't feeling well I was very nice to Chester Morris and what happened? Before I was nice, I used to be asked out there to dinner four or five time a week. Now I'm lucky to get my nose in the door once in six months. It doesn't pay."

"Maybe you're right," says Lew gloomily. "Hey," my guide cuts in. "Are you going to spend the night on this set? It's half past six already."

"Say," I mutter, "have you ever tried being nice to people?"

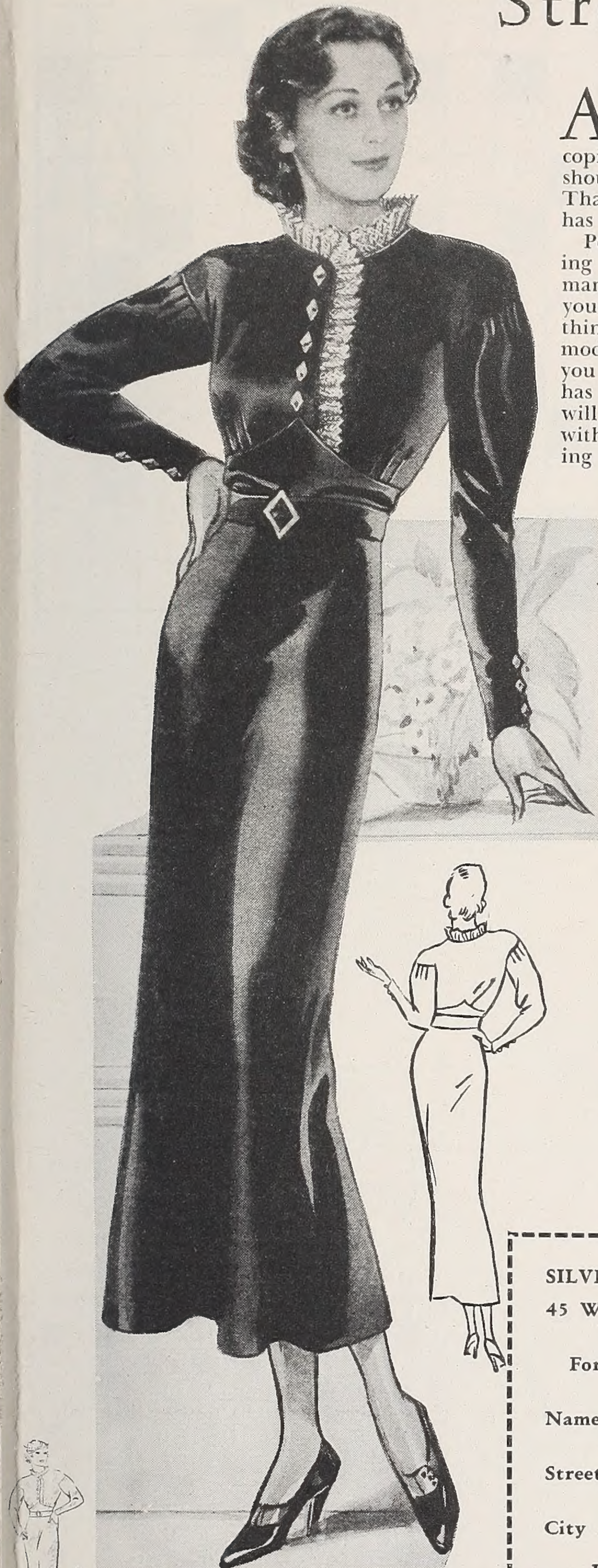
"Yeah," says the churl, "but nobody liked me that way."

"All of which just goes to prove," I reflect as I drive wearily home, "that you never know which way to part your teeth. Here today and deaf tomorrow."



# Ann Dvorak

## Selects Her Street Dress



**A** PIQUANT frock, created by an American designer for a beloved film star, and, in turn, copied for all smart American women, should make us sit up and take notice! That is the big surprise SILVER SCREEN has in store for its readers this month!

Petite Ann Dvorak is pictured wearing the frock that has captured so many feminine hearts—and wouldn't you, this very minute, give most anything to have such a jaunty little model in your wardrobe? You can, you know, for our pattern department has prepared an exact copy of it, and will mail it right out to you together with a complete, illustrated, dressmaking lesson that is the easiest thing to follow. Just clip the coupon and send it in to us with fifteen cents in coin.

Miss Dvorak's frock is fashioned of one of the new pebbly crêpes that are all the rage this season, in the most luscious shade of blackberry, with white net ruching to frame the face and accent the front bodice closing. Notice, too, the sleeves are full, but moderately so, and the fullness placed much lower; and there is not one seam to mar the slender hip line. Those lovely new mirror buttons are used—and they are really unusually smart.

You may order Miss Dvorak's frock, Pattern SS111, in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. For size 16,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch fabric, and 1 yard ruching are required.

Many more attractive styles are ready for your inspection in SILVER SCREEN's big, attractive pattern book. Hints on accessories, the new fabrics, etc., are also featured in this helpful book. Price of book, fifteen cents. Book and pattern together, twenty-five cents.

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Pattern of Ann Dvorak's dress

(SS111) Size . . . . .

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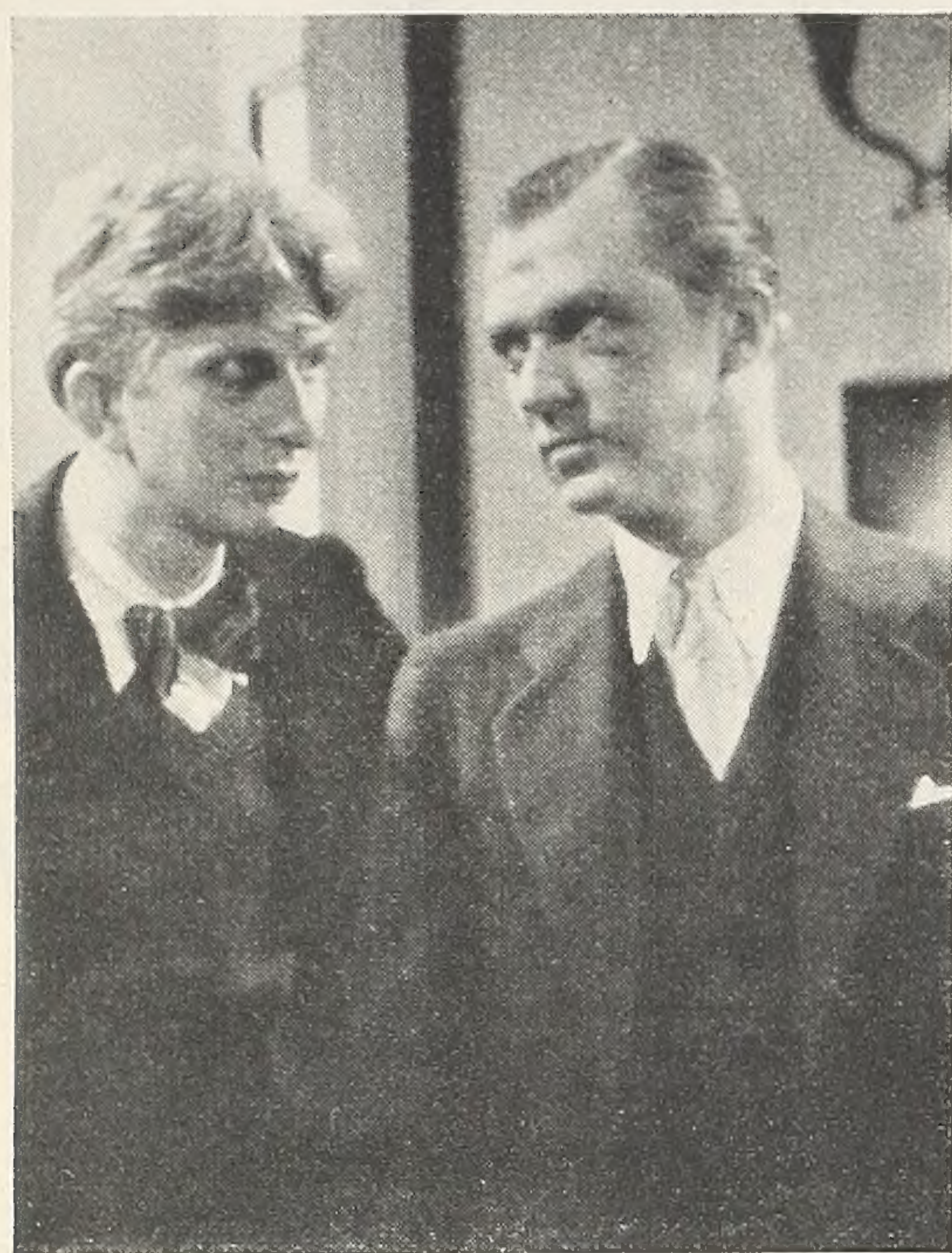
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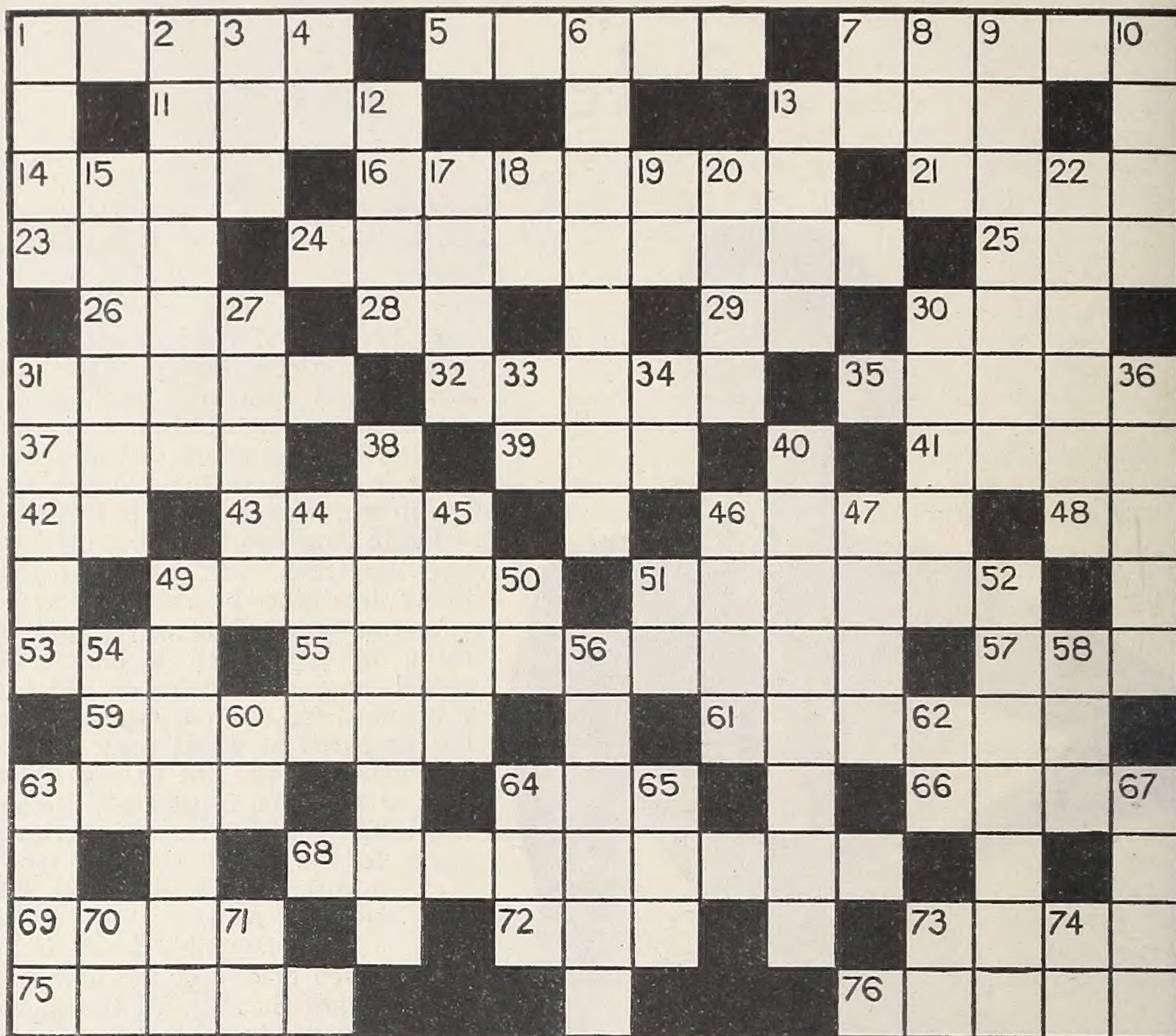
# The Final Thing



Sterling Holloway with Lee Tracy in a scene from "Advice to the Lovelorn."

## A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



### ACROSS

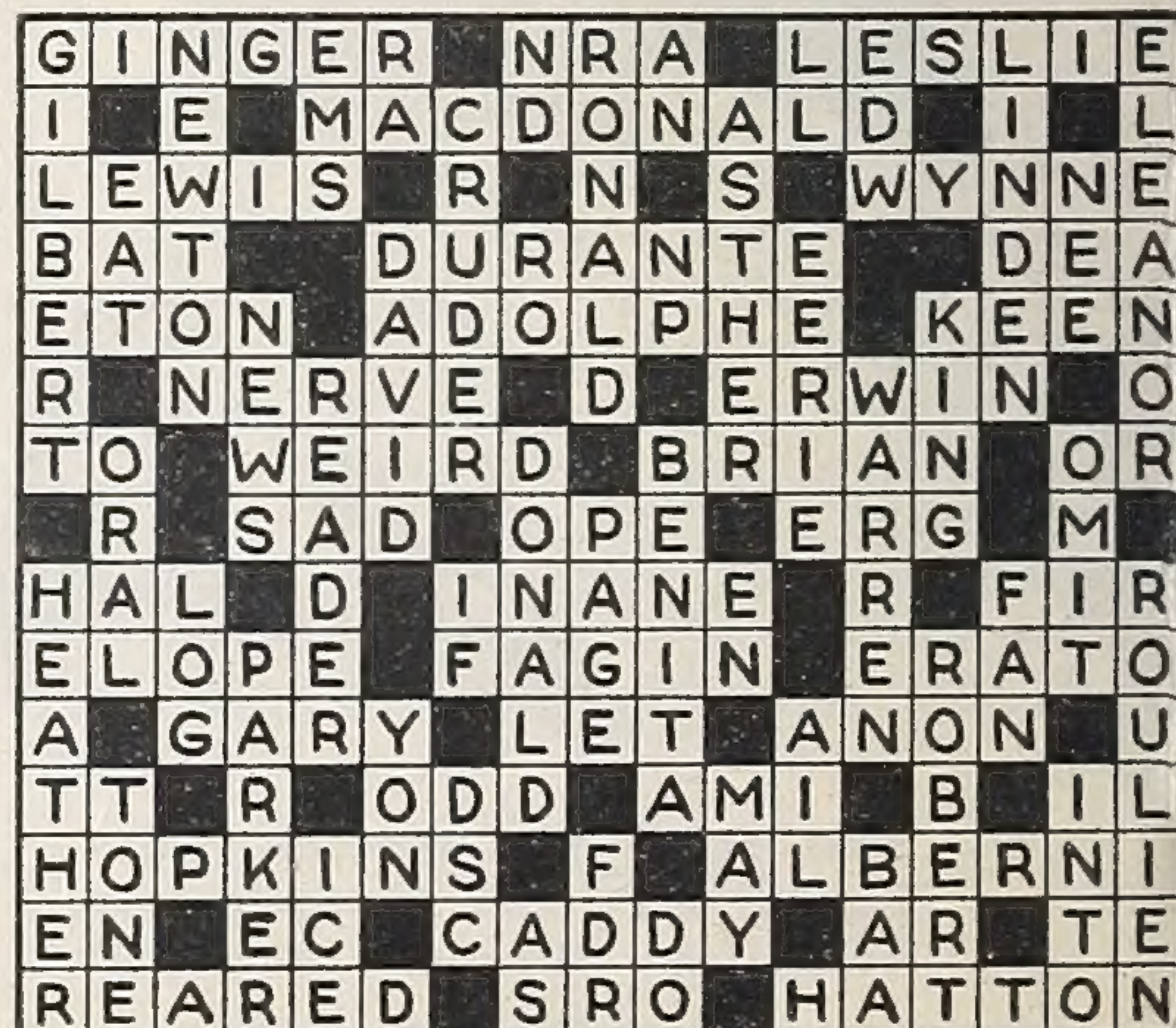
- 1 The girl who resembles Ann Harding so much
- 5 He is now appearing in "Midshipman Jack"
- 7 The "Baron" himself
- 11 An instrument of eight strings
- 13 She was the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
- 14 A body of men trained and equipped for war
- 16 A radio crooner now in Hollywood
- 21 Pack or lay away
- 23 The head (humorous)
- 24 Being present
- 25 A masculine first name
- 26 To strike (slang)
- 28 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 29 Our continent (abbr.)
- 30 A cone bearing tree
- 31 He played opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable"
- 32 A mountain nymph
- 35 The most loved of the screen actresses
- 37 The pal of Amos
- 39 Everyone
- 41 To stagger
- 42 His next picture is "Day of Reckoning" (initials)
- 43 A Biblical masculine name (abbr.)
- 46 Melody
- 48 North Latitude (abbr.)
- 49 The resting place of Noah's Ark
- 51 He gave an excellent portrayal of "Voltaire"
- 53 A wooden implement used for steering a boat
- 55 Jean Harlow's latest picture
- 57 Possesses
- 59 A European country
- 61 A church festival
- 63 To impair by use
- 64 Organ of hearing
- 66 One of the Moore brothers
- 68 One who works in a quarry
- 69 Beverages
- 72 To extend or lengthen
- 73 Rib of a leaf
- 75 A manner of singing common among the Swiss
- 76 Where one of the greatest battles of the World War was fought

### DOWN

- 1 May Robson's lovely daughter in "A Lady for a Day"
- 2 Her latest picture is "Brief Moment"
- 3 Chilly
- 4 A former wife of Jack Dempsey (initials)
- 6 The busy secretary in "Footlight Parade"
- 7 An Italian River
- 8 Goddess of Dawn
- 9 He is Joan's dancing partner in "Dancing Lady"
- 10 He is married to Lilyan Tashman
- 12 Performs
- 13 A starlet
- 15 Constance Bennett's hero in "The Woman Spy"
- 18 The (Fr.)
- 19 A degree (abbr.)

- 20 To hold by any moral tie
- 22 A recent bridegroom
- 27 The head of the city's government
- 30 Sums paid for journeys
- 31 "Queen Christina"
- 33 The sun god
- 34 A well known politician
- 36 She appeared with Doug Jr., in "The Narrow Corner"
- 38 He came back to the screen in "S.O.S. Iceberg"
- 40 She is appearing with John Boles in "Only Yesterday"
- 44 Nickname of the great home run king
- 45 Title for an elderly woman
- 46 A woody plant
- 47 He's in "Beautiful" with Ann Harding
- 49 Dressed
- 50 One of the crazy Rimplegars in "Three Corned Moon" (initials)
- 51 Expression of delight
- 52 We are anxiously waiting for her next picture
- 54 A period of time
- 56 He so ably aided the "Duke" in "A Lady for a Day"
- 58 Skill
- 60 Expression of hesitancy
- 62 A great cowboy hero (initials)
- 63 Her next picture will be "Madame Spy"
- 64 Before
- 65 A cereal
- 67 His name is so often coupled with Joan's
- 70 Behold
- 71 A direction of the compass (abbr.)
- 73 A southern state (abbr.)
- 74 Into

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



OUR editorial enthusiasm has been stirred by Sterling Holloway, not so much for any particular character that he has played, as for his canny understanding of timing.

He pauses with apparent diffidence, and this hesitation in his speech focuses the attention upon him. After he has halted the movement for a second, he smiles a personality smile which makes people remember him. Well done, Sterling!

It reminds me of an instance that happened when Charlie Chaplin was making a scene, and a friend of ours was playing a bit part in it. When his moment came, he held it cleverly for a second, then went on with the action. Chaplin, standing near the camera, noticed the trick and put his hand in front of the lens. "Oh, no," he said. "You're fast, I'm slow."

Only an artist can appreciate another artist. Only a kindly person can understand kindness. The reason "Lady for a Day" was a great hit was because its theme of generous thoughtfulness is a universal trait among movie-goers.

Only the nicest people are movie fans.

Happy New Year!

The Editor